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MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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WORLD'S FAIR BENEFITS

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THERE is too much belly-aching in this city just now, on the score of hard times. The most and the worst of it is not indulged in by the real losers. The hard-luck story-tellers are usually fakirs. They know that things are tight, and they make that an excuse for evading payments of just debts. The men in St. Louis who have been really hurt are not the men who are putting up "the poor mouth."

This is a rich man's panic. St. Louis feels such a panic rather more than it ever felt it before for several reasons. There are more rich men to feel it. Again, it has only been a few years since St. Louis rich men went in for speculation. There was a time in St. Louis, some years ago, when if a business man were understood to take an occasional flyer in speculation he was looked upon as a dangerous character. That is all changed now. What changed it was the trust era. A great many St. Louisans interested in street railways, in gas, in tobacco, in crackers, in other enterprises, sold their properties to combinations and got large sums of ready money. They found that this money could not very readily be put into new business and earn anything worth while. They had to do something with the money, so they speculated. They lost—the securities that St. Louisans played were hard hit. The entire St. Louis crowd was swatted hard. They had to borrow money to keep in the game. Their stocks up as collateral, went down in price, and they had to borrow more. They were not used to that sort of thing,—at least, not used to it in such chunks. They were not like the old, seasoned dead game sports of Chicago or New York who go up against the buzz-saw and never bat an eye or utter a whimper how much soever the hurt. They began to furl sail, and as a result the hard times broadened down. They had been looked to by smaller men to support projects needing money, and, of course, with the banks and brokers calling them, they couldn't well help out the smaller fellows, who, in turn, had to lay down on the still smaller fellows, and so on down the line. This made, and still makes, to a certain extent, tight money. The St. Louis rich men who are comparatively new to the speculative game, are not yet out of the woods. They have not yet braced up against the tremendous shrinkage in values. But they've done fairly well. None of them has made what is known as a "holler." They are game, if they are new, and the best evidence I have seen that they're all right, and deserve to pull through, is in the fact that the Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections went far over the sum subscribed at the height of last year's prosperity. The men who were caught locally in Transit Company, Rock Island, Frisco, Steel and Mexican Central have done fairly well for neophytes. None of them has gone under. There hasn't been a crash here. The one big failure we had was due, not to speculation, but to causes remotely removed therefrom, and that failure was precipitated in Philadelphia, not here.

The fact that the rich men of St. Louis were all hit pretty hard might have proved disastrous, but for the nerve of the banks and their general gameness. It is, I may say, dubious if there wouldn't have been many tumbles had it not been for the World's Fair.

The faintest sign of serious trouble here would have been very disastrous to the Fair. The city couldn't take any chance whatever on having trouble in a financial way with the Fair in prospect. The banks simply got together and braced for the reputation of the town. They began to prepare for the trouble a long time before there were public signs that it would be acute. They didn't go at the problem with a club. They didn't call people for everything, and force them to go broke. They cut down loans a little at a time. This was a good deal like the case of the man who cut off the dog's tail a little at a time, so as not to hurt him much, but it was salvation. It put a long and painful crimp in many a fellow, but that is better than to be in the hands of the receiver any old time. The banks were prepared, and well they were, for Mr. John W. Gates did his best to use a rumor as to the situation here to break some men against whom he held a grudge from the old days when he was a much cheaper sport than he is now. The banks stood by the rich men who had played the market, and by every man or concern that was brought into trouble by the monetary conditions. I think it is not a stretching of the truth to say that there never was a community in such a time of financial stress that was better treated than this by the bankers who are supposed to be so hard-hearted and exacting upon debtors. I doubt very much if this would have been the case had it not been for the spirit introduced in local affairs by the World's Fair, the spirit of helping everybody out as much as possible, instead of putting everybody in as deep as possible. When, therefore, I hear some fellow these days denouncing the bankers as *Shylocks* and vampires, etc. I am inclined to think that he and his opinion are not worth much to the community. When I am told that this, that or the other rich man, supposedly, is broke, I am glad to believe that he isn't, and that he has been pulled through, or is pulling through as a result of this practical altruism that has grown out of the World's Fair movement. I am glad that the men who represent New St. Louis in their willingness to take a chance with their dollars, are coming out all right, for they are, as a rule, the men who have always been to the front with their money for public enterprises, and for all the civic undertakings upon which there is no profit. The worst thing about the recent "pinch" has been that it pinched the men who are generous in impulse and in conduct, the men who are not pinchers themselves.

I doubt if the people of St. Louis know how badly off the country has been. They don't know that the season in New York has been one of a succession of theatrical failures. When the theaters don't make money, it means that there is a terrible stringency among the people who have money, and are willing to expend it. In New York, too, the great restaurants have felt the hard times as they never felt them before. This is relatively true, also, of Chicago and other large cities. The people who make up the money-circulating class in every town have been short of funds. This city has not been immune. But the shortness has not been in evidence. St. Louis has had a better theatrical season than it ever had before, and a better one than that in any other city. The old established catering concerns have prospered fairly well, and this, in spite of the increase in the number of eating places. The money-tightness has been relieved by the fact

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that the World's Fair has brought a great many people to town with money, and has put a great deal of ready money into circulation, as has not been the case in any other city. World's Fair expenditures alone have been a great help to the smaller business man immediately and ultimately to the man from whom the smaller dealer buys. World's Fair prices for labor have helped things along. Landlords and boarding-house keepers are prosperous in every part of the city, and the result has been that the rich man's panic has hardly been perceived among the people. The much-talked-of run upon the trust companies amounted to nothing, and that this is so is proved by the fact that the stoppage of withdrawals of time deposits had no bad effect. If there had been any real distress among the poorer saving people that stoppage would only have made suspicion and fear the stronger, and precipitated runs upon the banks which had no thirty-day notice clause in their charter. The World's Fair then saved the city from worse conditions than most of us can imagine. It put the actual money into the arteries of local trade, and thus prevented the people from too acutely experiencing the evidence felt elsewhere, that the supply of ready actual money in the country was, and is, woefully short. If it hadn't been for the World's Fair there would be to-day a more general distress and intense discontent than is now discoverable. If it hadn't been for the World's Fair the retail dealer wouldn't be walking around to-day saying that he doesn't understand the talk of hard times, because he finds his patrons have lots of money. If it hadn't been that the people who are not rich enough to speculate, were making money, chiefly as a result of the World's Fair, the runs upon the banks would have been serious beyond computation. They were putting money in the banks, and they had confidence, and the money they put in enabled the banks to refrain from squeezing speculators who were in bad, or to help along some business man of worth caught napping temporarily. If it hadn't been for the World's Fair, St. Louis would have been given a jolt that would have felt like a seismic shock, just because, as I said, the business men of the city who had not been used to speculating, were not sufficiently hardened to stand their first, heavy, steady loss without putting out some signals of distress. The World's Fair idea and the actual outlay in World's Fair work and the income from those attracted here by the Fair, upheld confidence and gave the whole town a brace that it needed very badly. This is history repeating itself. The Columbian Exposition saved Chicago the same way in 1893, when the rest of the country was terribly depressed. I think we should all be thankful for the World's Fair, and withdraw our past animadversions upon the gentlemen who have been managing it. They have pulled the city through a tough time, and have more than repaid the city for its expenditure in the project already. The World's Fair idea bolstered up the city's pride. It drew the financial institutions together to uphold credits rather than shatter them. It saved many a man and concern which, under other conditions, would have gone to the wall. There are many people, it is true, who say that times are still hard. That is true, but the answer is that they would be harder for everybody but for the World's Fair, for the hope and faith it gives forth, for the actual money it has turned loose in the community.

There is, therefore, no excuse for belly-aching. Especially is there no sense in complaining about the Fair. Rather should we all be glad that the Fair was here to save the city's standing. The Fair has justified itself already, and I say this who have criticised the Fair more freely and its management more caustically than either have been criticised here or

elsewhere. The proof of what the Fair will do is in what it has done. The men who have been holding back with their support should now come up and give in their allegiance to the Fair and its managers. The people who haven't paid their World's Fair subscriptions should pay them at once. The Fair has saved every man Jack of such backholders twice as much as their withheld subscription amounts to. The Fair is going to make St. Louis the best town in the country from now until the time shall have come which will signalize the end of the general retribution consequent upon our awful jag of prosperity since 1897.



REFLECTIONS

Another Big Turf War.

A TURF war, with the forces of the new Union Jockey Club pitted against those of Cella, Adler and Tilles, representing the Fair Grounds, Delmar and Kinloch Park Jockey Clubs, is a spectacle to which lovers of racing may be treated in St. Louis during World's Fair year. The Western Jockey Club, the governing body of the Western turf, has invited the combat by refusing the new local enterprise racing dates in the spring. Whether their action will have the further effect of creating another governing body, and another racing circuit in opposition to the tracks of the Western Jockey Club, remains to be seen. Those who are "in the know" are of the opinion that if there is to be a "finish" turf war, a new racing circuit will be necessary. Aside from the mere interests involved in the ups and downs of the local contending factions, a turf war would be a novelty to St. Louisans. It would mean a revolutionizing of methods that have been prevailing on local tracks for years. In the hope of winning the public favor, both parties would undoubtedly go to any extreme, and the local racing "fans," as well as the visitors to the Fair, would be sure to see a "free gate" before the war was well under way. Besides, there would be better horses here for the rich prizes the rivalry of the various clubs would cause to be hung up. The plans of the Union Jockey Club have not been made public further than that it intends to fight to the last ditch. With the sanction of the Western Jockey Club, it originally intended to give only a thirty-day meeting, but now that its request for dates has been refused, Manager Carmody declares that it will have an 190-day meeting operating in opposition to the three rival tracks. The turning down of the Union Jockey Club's request for recognition comes at a time, and under circumstances peculiarly suited to a successful turf war. In the East there is strong opposition to the autocratic methods of the Metropolitan Jockey Club, led by Senator "Dry Dollar" Tim Sullivan of New York. In Chicago there is a clamor for a new deal, and a well defined movement to reorganize racing and establish a new jockey club, which shall have the sanction of the officials, and eventually the support of a State law which may be enacted at the next session of the Legislature. In Kansas City steps are being taken to organize a jockey club, and there are other cities only too ready and anxious to be taken into a racing circuit. In addition to all these signs and omens, horsemen who have been racing under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan and Western Jockey Clubs have grown tired of the hardships imposed, and the autocratic rules laid down for their guidance. They are only too ready to rebel, but they must first see their way clear. They do not care to quit the present company until they are enabled to race successfully, and with profit, irrespective of the dreaded "outlaw" list. So from all this it will be seen that in order to make

successful war on the present governing bodies of the turf, a new circuit must be created. Just where the Hot Springs Jockey Club will be found should a new governing body be formed, is, at present, a question. Hot Springs did not get the dates it requested, but it did not get a refusal either. It has been encouraged to remain neutral, at least, for awhile, and to appeal again for recognition. The opposition is now "up against" exactly what Adler, Cella and Tilles were "up against" a few years ago, when they were weak and new. Now they are the Power, the Turf Trust. What they have they fought hard and paid high for. They are hardly to be blamed for refusing to divide on demand. But, then, they can't kick when they are brought up to a fight against the tactics they themselves invented.



MR. JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK, Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor. He has made many speeches to the end of attaining that ambition. But in all of his speeches he has not yet said one word against the Republican party, its methods, its record, its leaders either in the State or Nation. This is the more remarkable in that he is not at all backward in attacking what he designates as the corrupt elements in the party from which he seeks high honor. Mr. Folk is under suspicion of riding for a fall, of trying to split his own party, and of calculating to secure Republican support in the event that he should fail of nomination.



The Butler Case.

INTIMATIONS trickle from the Supreme Court arum to the effect that the verdict of guilty against grim old Boss Butler for attempted bribery is to be reversed on the law and the evidence. How true they are cannot be told. But this we all know, that it is a very bad thing for us all that there should be so much interest among politicians in this forthcoming decision. Supreme Court decisions should not be in politics. It is bad that the friends of a candidate for Governor should be going around congratulating themselves that however the Supreme Court decides in the Butler case, the result must be favorable to Mr. Folk. If the court rules that the trial was valid and proper, then hurrah for Folk and off with Old Man Butler to the penitentiary. If the Supreme Court decides reversing the case for mistrial, then the court has been amenable to boss influence and hurrah for Folk as a rebuke to political rings. Now, the fact is, that Edward Butler should not be acquitted for political reasons, and he should not be convicted for political reasons. The case should be determined upon the law and the method of applying the law, and the merest suggestion that the highest court will decide with a view either to helping or hurting the cause of Mr. Folk is offensive to every sense of right and decency. The Supreme Court is temporarily unpopular, with or without cause. But the chances are that the very insistence upon the political color which may be given to the decision of the Butler case is the one thing that will conduce most to a determination of the appeal upon the cold law. The Supreme Court will decide the case, fully knowing that if it sustains or reverses the lower court, it will be equally liable to an aspersion upon its motives. If it releases Folk's chief victim there will be a howl. If it sends him to the penitentiary there will be a chorus of hurrahs for Folk. There remains, then, but one thing for the Justices to do, and that is to do the right thing as near as they can, independent of the consideration of the decisions helping Mr. Folk more or less. The Supreme Court is on its mettle. Its law will perforce be the best it

can deliver. The better it is the surer it is that, in the long run, the people will discover that law is possibly not only justice, but common sense. The people may or may not revolt against the Court's decision, if it favors Butler. They may, or may not applaud, if it confirms his conviction. In no long time the people will, in their sober senses, make up their minds as to the matter on another basis than consideration of political influences, purposes and effects. There is no demand that Butler be given the worst of it. There is no real feeling that Butler should be punished simply because he is Butler, and his prosecutor is Folk. The people realize that the question now is, whether Butler was properly tried, and that this question reaches far beyond Butler, and applies to the right of any man or every man to be tried according to the rules of procedure which the wisdom of many generations has determined to be best calculated to conserve and preserve the liberties of the innocent when brought under the law's heavy hand. The Supreme Court may or may not reverse the Butler case. Whatever it does it will do it with a rather more careful regard for the law and the right than might ordinarily be directed upon such a matter.

STAND up for Missouri! The Hon. Cyrus Patrick Walbridge is the choice of her sons of the Republican persuasion for Vice-President. St. Louis is proud of Cyrus Patrick. He was a good Mayor. He is a good President of the Business Men's League. He makes a good speech, the best, in fact, of any man, locally, who tries his tongue in an after-dinner effort. He looks good. He's a hustler. He's a cheerful person. We are all for the Honorable Cyrus Patrick Walbridge for the Republican nomination for Vice-President.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will stick to his friend, Gen. Wood. This is a trait of character that Americans like. It was one of the many things for which Grant was beloved. Gen. Wood, however, is being stuck to at the expense of the army, and to the detriment of good morals. Gen. Wood is being promoted by the President over men of longer service, better qualifications. Gen. Wood is being advanced in spite of assertions against his character which, if made against any other man, would result in the President's having nothing to do with the accused. The President has invited the attack that has been made upon Gen. Wood, and while the evidence is not of the strongest, it must be confessed that Gen. Wood's reputation has suffered very grievously. The people like a man who sticks to his friends, but when the man who sticks to his friends at public cost is a man with a mighty reputation as an enforcer of the merit system in the civil service, the contrast is startling, not to say, shocking. Mr. President Roosevelt is such an idealist in the matter of civil service reform that he appears to no advantage whatever in sticking to a friend to the extent of promoting him over many other officers in the army, and in the face of such allegations as have been made against Gen. Wood.

THE one thing that does not seem yet to have occurred to the young man who has recently become the son-in-law of Mr. W. J. Bryan, is that he should go to work for himself.

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is reported to have had an interview at Wantage, England, with Mr. Richard Croker, and now it is reported that Mr. Croker is to return to New York and resume control of Tammany Hall. If this be true, it argues badly for

the prospects of Judge Alton B. Parker, New York's chief candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. Judge Parker is said to be a protege of David Bennett Hill, and Mr. Croker hates Hill and the friends of Hill. Mr. Bryan is on record in his *Commoner* as opposed to Judge Parker. It is generally suspected that if Croker comes back to this country it will be with an understanding between himself and Mr. Bryan on the matter of the presidential nomination, and that this understanding will be favorable to the ambitions and prospects of Senator Gorman.

ST. LOUIS restaurants are agreed not to discontinue the music at their cafes. They are wise. The music has this merit, in their eyes, or ears, if no other, that it distracts attention from the diminishing size of the portions served and the increase in the prices therefor.

THE case of Miss Dreyer, robbed of her reputation by the publication of the results of a medical examination of another woman impersonating her, is one that "calls to Heaven for vengeance." She was discharged from the St. Louis Post-office as a result of the outrage, and the outrage upon her was originally committed to nullify her testimony in an investigation of the St. Louis postmaster. The story goes that the physician who examined the woman personating Miss Dreyer knew, when he did so, and when he made the report of his examination, that the woman was not Miss Dreyer. If this be true, there is nothing in history that is worse in the way of a plot to destroy the innocent. The Federal authorities have refused to give Miss Dreyer justice. The President of the United States is believed to have been deceived as to the facts, and to have sanctioned the proceedings denying Miss Dreyer a hearing. If the President will not reopen her case and give her justice, the case of Miss Dreyer should be appealed to the whole people and made a National issue. As the facts are now understood, the young lady is the victim of an infamy beside which that under which Alfred Dreyfus suffered sinks into insignificance.

ST. LOUIS is likely soon to have some more consolidation, along the lines that were followed in the organization of the Transit Company. Negotiations are proceeding looking to a consolidation of the street car systems, the electric light and the gas companies. In fact, it is said the deal would have been put through by now but for the rich men's panic that struck the country about three weeks ago, and that is still in evidence everywhere, and more especially in St. Louis.

MR. CHARLES NAGEL of this city is a Republican politician of high standing and of upright character. He is an eminent lawyer. He is a reformer in his way. A short time ago the legal firm of which he is a member secured from the government a commission to represent some Indians in a suit against the government, of which the Indians are the wards. The St. Louis *Republic* printed a dispatch from Washington giving this news, but implying with more or less directness that the appointment to represent the Indians was in the nature of a "graft" growing out of the personal friendship and political affiliation between Mr. Nagel and Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock. The charge or the insinuation was outrageous. The transaction was perfectly open, fair and honorable. The *Republic's* article had, however, a rather sensational effect in its own interior economy, for immediately after the item appeared Mr. John F. Shepley, a director of the *Republic*, and a brother-in-law of Mr. Nagel,

resigned his position as director, and has since had nothing whatever to do with the publication.

MR. JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK's reply to the assertion that he has had his salary raised, in violation of law, during his incumbency as Circuit Attorney, is that the law merely pays him the same salary as before, but in a different way. As the *MIRROR* understands this, it means that Mr. Folk's salary is only \$5,000, however paid. But is Mr. Folk's salary as Circuit Attorney only \$5,000? How about the fees of the office? Has not the salary, at times, run as high as \$8,000 or \$9,000?

THE *Post-Dispatch* will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary next Sunday. St. Louisans will rejoice with the proprietors, editors, reporters and others of the newspaper establishment on that occasion. Whatever faults the *Post-Dispatch* or its management may have, the fact remains that the paper is really an independent institution, and that its success has been achieved in expressing public opinion in defiance of every influence that might selfishly conflict with public interest. The *Post-Dispatch* is not always right, but it is always honest, and generally fair. It has no gods or demigods to celebrate. It pursues no enemies save such as it may deem public enemies. The *Post-Dispatch* is a great paper, and it has done much for St. Louis, to its own exceeding great reward.

MARK TWAIN, in his clutching little story, "A Dog's Tale," in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, has made a strongly emotional plea against surgical experimentation upon animals. But as long as a man may kill animals and eat them to sustain life, the plea will be made, and accepted as good, that scientific men may experiment upon, and even kill animals, in the hope of ascertaining facts that may better enable science to combat disease and stave off death for their fellow men.

SENATORS QUAY, of Pennsylvania, Platt, of New York, Hanna, of Ohio, Cullom, of Illinois, Allison, of Iowa, and Spooner, of Wisconsin, are the bosses of their respective States. They are of sufficient power to name the next Republican nominee. They are all supposed to be disaffected towards President Roosevelt. If they can get together they can defeat Mr. Roosevelt for the nomination. The question is: Will they do it? They will if the high financial interests deem it best they should. The high financial interests would pass the word in a minute if they were only certain what the Democrats would do. Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly can be beaten, but only on the theory that the Democrats will nominate a man whom the business interests will consider "safe."

IN Paris they are preparing to celebrate the centenary of Hector Berlioz. Berlioz was an inspired maniac. He was a sort of Victor Hugo of music. He was almost as great as Wagner, but lacked a balance. He wrote great music that most people do not understand, and about which the great critics are dubious. But he was an heroic soul, unafraid of and undepressed by lack of money or even of food. He was not afraid of work, even. He was a success as a journalist and he didn't grumble at his fate, and he was, wonderful to relate, not unduly jealous of other musicians. Paris didn't treat him well when he was alive. It raves over him dead. The world has not yet generally accepted his music, and there are about an equal number of persons, knowing music, who pronounce "The Damnation of Faust" a masterpiece on the one hand, and

tawdry romanticism upon the other. It is to laugh. What matters it all to Hector Berlioz, now?



WHAT is all this talk about the quarrel between Circuit Attorney Folk and his assistant, Mr. Walter Scott Hancock, over Grand Jury management?



JAMES L. BLAIR, who raised the greater part of \$13,000 to prosecute the boodlers, has been himself indicted for forgery. Blair, who was a leader in the reform fight, has done a titanic work, in his own downfall, towards the softening of sentiment against the men he was so actively pushing towards the penitentiary. Blair's greatest defense, as outlined, is technicality. His defense unfangs many a rabid reformer, who thought that no technicality should interpose between the humbler, less cultured criminals, and the penitentiary. Blair's case does more to neutralize the effect of boodle prosecution than anything else that has occurred, since Blair was one of the men who were not "shameless," a leader in the purification fight, a collector of funds for Folk, a dear, warm friend of Folk, an intimate adviser of Folk. And Blair is now—



Next week's issue of the MIRROR will be the CHRISTMAS NUMBER. Its price—except to regular subscribers—will be 10 cents per copy. It will be worth it. That's all.



IN a recent speech defending his Democracy, the Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, who is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, says that he supported his party ticket in this city with the exception of James J. Butler for Congress. This is more ingenious than ingenuous. Nothing need be said to prove what the candidate admits, that he spoke from the same platform with James J. Butler, and profited by the Butler strength when he, the gubernatorial candidate, was a candidate for the office he now holds, and when, if Mr. Butler was elected by bogus votes and false registration, Mr. Folk was elected by virtue of those same devices. But Mr. Folk does not explain why he refused to make speeches for the city ticket in 1902, his silence being an issue and a favorite taunt of the opposition, when, as he well knew, the framers of the city ticket removed from the slate the names of three men proposed for offices mainly upon the ground that those three men were favorites and proteges of Edward Butler. Mr. Folk must not be a dodger. He should not be making a fight upon an old man whom he has indicted and convicted when that old man is, by Folk's own deed, eliminated as a political factor. Mr. Butler's power is broken, and Folk did it, or he did nothing. The Butler power helped to nominate and helped to elect Folk. If that Butler power was based upon boodle, and the efficiency of election crooks, Folk is one of its most distinguished beneficiaries. That Folk has destroyed Edward Butler, one of his chief benefactors, is enough of Brutus-like patriotism, but that the Circuit Attorney should kick a dead man is rather an anti-climax. That he should tergiversate about facts in his defense is positively discreditable, and this he has surely done in his quibble about failing to support tickets made by Butler when the tickets represented the repudiation of Butler.



DOES the Reverend Willard W. Boyd, pastor of the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis, Mo., stand for the damnable outrage perpetrated upon Miss Anna Dreyer, in the interest of the pastor's friend, ex-Postmaster Baumhoff? What had the Rev. Willard W. Boyd to do with the Miss Dreyer case, if anything?

The *Post-Dispatch* has not made clear the part the Rev. Willard W. Boyd took, if any, in stifling the truth about the Postmaster's alleged familiarities with Miss Dreyer or other female subordinates, nor has it made it clear that the Rev. Willard W. Boyd has not sanctioned a policy of suppression and silence concerning the story of the medical examination of a bogus Miss Dreyer, and the attribution of the proof of abortion thus discovered to the real Miss Dreyer. The mixing up of the Rev. Willard W. Boyd with the nastiness in the St. Louis post-office is, of course, to be deplored for its inevitable discrediting of religion and its general scandalizing effect. Rev. Willard W. Boyd's name has been used in more or less intimate and definite association with the obscene scandals that have clustered around the name of Baumhoff and the community would rejoice in nothing more than in an exculpation and a clean bill of health for the great and good divine whose *naivete* in practical politics has so unfortunately entangled him in the sinuosities and pruriencies and putridities of the developments in the war over local Federal patronage. It is desirable that a monstrous wrong done a helpless woman should be righted, but it is desirable also that the city's most distinguished politician-clergyman should be shown forth from amidst the muck, in all that matchless purity of soul which we know to be his. Since the *Post-Dispatch* has mentioned Rev. Willard W. Boyd's name in connection with the post-office scandal, it is sincerely hoped that the same influential organ will show us that the reverend gentleman has not lent his moral support to vicarious deflowerment of a girl in revenge for her telling the truth about her employer's tentative essays in the *ars amoris*.



VANDIVER'S PANTS

BY PASQUIN.

[*Ex-Congressman Vandiver was made the chairman of Mr. Folk's gubernatorial campaign. Mr. Vandiver is the man who, when in Congress, sent his pants home in a box under his Congressional frank. The box was sent to St. Louis, where, in the absence or imperfection of the address thereon, the postal authorities opened it, discovering the Congressman's pants sent home to be washed or mended, or both.*]

DEAR land of our
Love! Awake from thy trance
And hear about Vandiver
Who once stood for Missouri,
Missouri the houri
Brightest and fairest of all the State-sisters
Ever stood up for by eloquent Mist'ers.
Stern and demure he
Oft rose in his place
And opened his face
Setting forth all the glories
That songs or sweet stories
Ever enshrined of the Commonwealth's fame.
O remember the name.
High may it stand ever—
Congressman Vandiver,
He of the golden voice, hypnotic glance,
He of the honestest, looking askance
At all venality,
All triviality,
Standing and hurling an oratorical lance
Against all the foemen
In behalf of our yeomen—
Standing right up in his pants.
All symbols and signs of the great
Fall to the lowest estate,
All crests and all 'scutcheons abate

All their pride and high circum-stance
When compared with our Vandiver's pants.

Pants, Pants, Pants, Pants.
How rhythmic the one word chaunts
With what melody it haunts
The ear to sweet concord attuned!
O never a singer crooned
A song of the plume of Navarre
Or of Moray's silver star
That stood even half a chance
With the song a man might sing
In words that thrill and ring
Of the great Congressman's
Pants, pants, pants, pants
Pants, pants pants.

In Congress there he stood
In those pants
What time it seemed not good
To sit and darkly brood
In those pants.
They clothed his manly form
And kept his lithe legs warm
What time he rose to charm,
To frighten with fierce advance,
To gloriously enhance
With eloquence debate
Upon the good of state.
If it was said perchance
"How in his speech he rants"
Or that in frenzy's fuming force
The strenuousness of his high discourse
Did sometime suddenly make divorce
To rive and rend the garment's seams
To the eagle's screams,
The while he there did dance
And prance—
That, vulgarly, he tore his pants—
Why we who love him can but say
That it was in a glorious way
He did the damage to the garment,
While he had our foes in torment.
He tore them in a sacred cause,
Tore them making speeches
That would have tested any breeches,
Tore them making speechful rousers
That would have riven any trousers
As if bitten by an hundred Bowsers—
He never handled things with gaits—
He tore them in his people's cause
Supporting just and righteous laws
Exposing governmental flaws
Till he wore out his populist jaws.
Yea, tore he his pants,
But was it wrong
Ye faithful ones, admirers of the strong,
To send them home to old Missouri
Under his frank?
Faithful and pure he,
In statesmanship's front rank
Who would not swerve his
High purpose, or take gift or thank
From capital's great *capitans*.
Tore them in the public service.
Say where else such verve is!
What mighty nerve his!
Why should not he
Send his pants free
Through the mails of his countree?
Wrong, was it wrong
To deadhead his pants
Unto his humble home for mending,
No stamps expending?
Nay, as we say in France,

Even concerning pants,
"Honi soit qui mal 'y' pense."

Hail then those pants,
Symbols of high emprise
For fairest land 'neath heaven's skies
In the Congressional manse!
Emblem fit are they
In this degenerate day
For cause that would destroy
The boodle yoke,
For cause great and immane
For cause incarnate, without stain
In Folk, Joe Folk
Who 'twas first spoke
The word
Which boodlers all have heard.
Those pants were never soiled
With sittings in the caucus,
Never from machine were oiled,
Men may talk as
They please; yea we may walk us
Miles without number and ne'er see
Emblem more fitting of sweet puritee.
Pants such as these before
No man e'er wore
Or tore.
They can be boughten in no store,
This country o'er.
What hands therefore
Could trusted be to mend
And tend
The garment sacred where it did rend
But hands at home in old Missouri?
Ah, they were burst in sacred fury
And to make sure he
Sent them 'neath official frank—
Ah Liberty thee do we thank—
That other hands than those of home
Over the sacred garment might not roam.
What rugged, homely virtue this!
O lovers of your country, ye, I wis,
Those pants would kiss
For veneration, thinking how
Like to Cincinnatus at his plow
Vandiver is!

Ho then! Friends of Liberty advance!
Down with the hordes of elegance!
Let boodlers tremble. Lift high the pants!
Take Reform by the hand of her
In the name of Vandiver
And lead her to the height he
Ever did exalt her in his speeches,
Spoken from out those breeches,
Unto the seats of the mighty.
Swear ye those pants shall ne'er be taken down,
Never though Boodle's fiercest countenance
Affright ye.
By those great trousers shall this town
This State, this Nation yet be freed
From wrong and greed.
Paint them on banners, fling them to the breeze
Pants of mighty memories
Ignorant of the dudesque crease,
Ne'er yet hung on trouser-trees,
Pants never handled in the tailories
Of Washington, D. C.
O pants, I see
Thee emblematic in futurity
Of protest 'gainst political dirt!
Thee do I hail with joyous spurt,
Garment pathetic
Yet antithetic

To the bloody shirt.
Beneath such sacred sign oh what can hurt
The cause of Folk?
Ah, 'tis no joke
That I have spoke.
Missouri mounts to glory. No mischance
Can now befall Reform.
No ravening storm
Wreck civic righteousness in one stroke.
Honesty revives o'er all the land—
Folk waves his hand—
Dead was fair Honesty; now life burns
In all her veins. Her breath returns.
It comes! It comes—in pants.
Room! Give air! Pray stand over
To one side. The pants are the pants
Of Vandiver.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is a little too emphatic when he says that the crime of bribery is worse than murder. It is no such thing. Murder is the worst possible crime. The law makes it so, and the law is the consensus of the popular idea. All human law provides for murder the greatest possible punishment. The President is too strenuous on this point, just as he is too strenuously subtle in defense of the Panama coup. The President in the bribery and murder matter is under suspicion of trying to appropriate the thunder of the St. Louis prosecutor, but one wonders that he doesn't adopt on the Panama subject the open, bold, virile attitude of saying that might is right, and that "the Anglo-Saxon" never lets pass an opportunity to grab any land that may be unprotected. The President should follow his logic and his nature. Let us annex Mexico, Central and South America, after taking in Cuba and Panama. But let us not do it by tricks and evasions, and dextrous subtleties. Let us do it by force, suddenly, and make no bones about it. If bribery be worse than murder, let us not bribe discontented States to revolt from their governments. Let us have gore. War is nothing—only wholesale murder.



DESPITE his protests, Mr. Marcus Alonzo Hanna will almost certainly be a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, and the indications now are, that if he should be such a candidate the Missouri delegation will be carried in his interest. Mr. Richard C. Kerens, who has been *persona non grata* at the White House, is growing appreciably stronger in Missouri as the result of the recent Roosevelt appointments. Mr. Kerens will carry the State against Mr. Roosevelt, if there is anyone to carry it for, even if, in order to do so, he has to bury the hatchet with Mr. Chauncey Ives Filley.



HEBERT SPENCER, the greatest modern philosopher, the Nineteenth Century Aristotle, is dead. Now he *knows*—or *does* he know?



MITCHELL ON LABOR

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

SEVERAL years of great industrial prosperity have given a tremendous impetus to the growth of organized labor. Grave conflicts have from time to time laid signal emphasis upon this evolutionary process in the economic world, and even given rise to fears that, eventually, the entire political and economic structure of the country will have to withstand the terrific impact of a portentous struggle between labor and capital. Among the ultra-conservatives the labor union movement is looked upon as a veritable *bête noire*, as something not in accord with

our free and enlightened principles of government, because it violates some of the dearest natural rights of the individual.

It is commonly asserted by its defenders that organized labor has become the *sine qua non* in the uplifting of the masses; that the far-reaching development and changes in industrial conditions in the last fifty years have made its rise and spread spontaneous rather than artificial. This theory is not without its superficially strong points. It is popular, because plausible. Mr. John Mitchell, the efficient President of the United Mine Workers of America, upholds it with implicit, forceful faith in its (for him), immanent truth and apparent tendencies. Thus he says in his work on "Organized Labor," published by the American Book and Bible House of Philadelphia, that organized labor "has stood upon the broad ground of justice and humanity. It has defended the weak against the strong, the exploited against the exploiter. It has stood for efficiency rather than cheapness; for the producer rather than production; for the man rather than the dollar. It has voiced the claims of the unborn as of the living. * * * There is something more than merely considerable truth in these assertions. That organized labor has benefited its adherents in various striking ways can no longer be questioned by even the most prejudiced and hostile of its critics. Its principles and efforts, when kept within the bounds of reason and justice, compel self-seeking and self-complacent employers to recognize the rights of the laboring man, to pay him a living wage, to consider him entitled to better his position in every way not inconsistent with, or subversive of, law and social order.

Mr. Mitchell declares in his book, which must be regarded as his *intransigent apologia pro causa sua*, that "the world does not owe a man a living, but the man owes it to himself, the industry that voluntarily employs and voluntarily retains him owes him the right to earn it under fair and living conditions." No well-meaning, sensible observer will care to dispute the inherent truth of these words in an age when man is constantly drawing closer to his neighbor and considering himself not only his keeper, but his friend and comrade. This spirit of *camaraderie*, so strikingly manifest in union labor circles, is at last beginning to assert itself even in the most orthodox quarters of the modern "captains of industry." A man is "entitled to earn his living and to be given a chance to earn it under fair conditions,—this is a postulate of economics that every lover of justice, of a "square deal," can and should willingly subscribe to. But, one may ask, in the light of recent developments, are these words not honored more with the mouth than with the heart, even among those who are anxious to pose as their most earnest, uncompromising adherents?

Mr. Mitchell is not afraid of the combining of capital and industry. He considers it the logical, inevitable outcome of existing conditions, the pledge of a better understanding between the two great economic forces. "In the case of employers," we read, "organization will have the same tendency to widen and strengthen moral responsibility as it has had among workmen. * * * The trade union and the association of employers, acting together in a trade agreement, thus work for a higher and broader justice than could be attained by a series of independent and separate contracts between individual employers and individual workmen." True, no doubt. But what of the rights of the public? Are they to be disregarded altogether? Mr. Mitchell makes haste to assure us that "combinations of labor and capital are not fraught with danger to the public." That is an *a priori* assumption which may satisfy the doctrinaire, but will never appeal with convincing force to the mind of the man of practical

affairs and knowledge. Combinations of labor and capital may become necessary in the course of time, but will not be tolerated or openly sanctioned by the Government and courts of the land until full assurance and proof have been given that the rights of the public shall in no circumstances be jeopardized by wage or trade agreements. If there is to be an agreement of some kind, it must be a tri-partite one. The Nation will never submit to unrestricted exploitation on the part of allied capital and labor.

The awful evil of unregulated child and women labor Mr. Mitchell rightly condemns in most emphatic terms. "The abomination of the Southern cotton and tobacco factories should be wiped out entirely. The woman who toils should be protected in her capacity as bread winner; she should toil only under proper conditions, and the trade unions should persist in their efforts to improve conditions of women workers, upon whom so much of the burden of our factory life falls. They should enforce conditions which will guarantee the security of the men, women and children at work, and diminish the number of preventable accidents." Recent investigations in the South, in Rhode Island and Pennsylvania have disclosed a horrifying state of affairs in coal mines and factories. Children have been found working from twelve to fourteen hours a day at the compensatory rate of two cents an hour, and under conditions and surroundings utterly degrading, almost dehumanizing. Of moral supervision there is none, and of education less than little. Life and limb are flagrantly unprotected. Mr. Mitchell is undoubtedly right in saying that "in no other country are the laws against the exploitation of women and children so lax, so absurdly inadequate, so cruelly ineffective as in the United States."



TRAVELS WITH BOOKS

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

FIRESIDE travel is as old as the eternal hills. In other days such journeys were taken to the tune of sagas, of tale-telling, of legends and improvised memoirs. Nowadays it is the printed page that ushers us into this and that near or remote region. In fireside travel, as in other modes of conveyance, one may be well or ill advised; one may have luck or the reverse. To get into the wrong train, to spend money and time in the wrong inn, to gather stupid impressions of this or that disappointing town or scene, is not the lot only of vagabonds in the actual; the green hands at such adventuring may as easily meet all these mishaps when they journey by and among books. It is not the public's doom or duty to be overburdened with either time or tomes; a word or so of guidance in this matter of fireside travel may serve of some use. Winter hedges us all about; not only winter, but things written encompass me, and if I point out some safe and pleasant paths for readers, it has meant a deal of shoveling away of slush. What the weight of slush is that our street commissioners have to haul yearly off our thoroughfares, I do not know; but I doubt if it outweighs the slush that comes yearly from our printing presses.

Most people, in dead of winter, prefer town. On the other opinion, upholding the beauties of the country in winter, it were easy enough to write a book, not a paragraph. Books are written too easily as it is; the intention here and now is to accept the majority notion. The towns, then, that you may travel to, in this way, are Rome, London, Buda-Pest, Chicago and New York. A curious round, no doubt, yet it should place one in fair touch with both the past and the present.

A half-dozen of books confront me as my text. Only one of them makes any pretensions to being primarily descriptive. The others are stories. It is through stories that most people gain their impressions; our dram-drinking age shies away from books that portend information. They prefer the primrose paths.

Of primrose paths to Rome, there have been, we all know, plenty in our recent fiction. It is not so long since the present writer pointed out how several books by Mrs. Ward, Marie Correlli, Hall Caine and others had all tended in this same direction. But it was the religious interest that mostly dominated in these instances. Not one of those authors can pretend to know Rome as does Marion Crawford. Whether he puts his knowledge specifically into a book of history and description, or lets it trickle out through the pages of a romance, his hand is equally sure. He has written no pleasanter romance than "The Heart of Rome," yet nowhere has he better given his readers the real Roman air, the life of it, and its curious bridging of the antique and the modern. The charm of the love-story here is indubitable, and the introduction of the mysterious "lost water" under some of the palaces in Rome, serves a purpose of fine fascination. The tale of the young engineer who quarried about under the Conti palace for the "lost water," who discovered treasures there, and taking the rightful owner to see it, was imprisoned with her by the rising of the water, makes most pleasant entertainment. These are the matters that will attract the readers who read for amusement, or who wish, in this wise, to travel abroad in the world. In quarters where details of craft are considered, this newest book of Marion Crawford's may cause fresh wonder at the simplicity of his means. His prose is of the simplest. He is, before all, a teller of tales.

Northward and eastward to Buda-Pest. The guide this time, is of the very young American type. A young man who has profited not a little by the general appetite for the demi-semi-bohemian stuff, real or sham, that has been served in our art and letters since Henri Muerger first made the Latin Quarter real to the world at large. F. Berkeley Smith is the son of his father, Hopkinson Smith; he is favorably handicapped at the outset. In letters he began by exploiting the Paris that Americans know, or think they know; since he had embroidered for us what we already knew, of course, we patted the young man on the back. Now he exploits Buda-Pest. He does it most entertainingly, in bright, well illustrated chapters, though one might wish he had not clung so tenaciously to the Latin Quarter pose in his introductions and conclusions. Yet these are but slight details. He does indubitably succeed in giving one adequate insight into the life and look of this brace of Hungarian towns. The gypsies, the bands, the beauties, the baths, the politicians, of Hungary, are all pictured by Mr. Smith in such wise that the reader regrets his travel is only of the fireside sort. He makes one eager to visit Buda-Pest. That, for a book of travel, spells success.

After the brilliance of Magyar music and the sparkle of tawny tokay, the murk and misery of suburban London. "Borlase & Son," is to be set down as a finely realistic picture of the life in a retail department store in suburban London. Here is a district where poor people live, where shoddy is sold, and where sweat-shop methods are employed in the conduct of the dry-goods-store, as our word has it. The salesmen and women live on the premises, housed and fed by their employer. A cruel system of fines scales down the wages, already small. Reading this story of T. Baron Russell's, we cannot, on this side the water, al-

together flatter ourselves that all this is a life unknown here; details differ, but the danger of conditions akin to those in "Borlase & Son" is not so remote. Several States, one recalls, have already been spurred to legislation in the matter of the large department stores of our large towns. The figure of *Borlase*, slave-driving, unscrupulous, going to the limit even of crime in pursuit of profit, is not unworthy to rank in the memory with similar characters Charles Reade and Dickens have drawn for us. *Stanton Borlase*, the son, is made to develop from utter spinelessness to upright manhood, so that he contrasts utterly against his father; in this development there is a touch of unreality, as in the final melodrama of *Borlase Senior's* death, but the main thesis stands unimpaired. A book that "Borlase & Son" may be ranked with, of domestic theme and make, is Mary Wilkins' "Portion of Labor." In one the New England factory town, in the other an English suburban "emporium," is memorably dissected.

Home again, in New York. The atmosphere of slum, suburb and shop shaken off, let us engage a guide who, for the sake of the paradox, knows less of the place than we. Dodo Benson, to-wit, who calls New York, "The Relentless City." He has been in New York, yet never of it, so much is evident. If his sketches of the supposed higher society in New York and its fashionable suburbs are occasionally laughable, they are still conspicuously impudent. Not so much because the satire is keen, as because the satirist is insufficiently familiar with his subject. It is like a caricature done, not from the life, but from a photograph. The worn subject of international marriage is treated anew by Mr. Benson. One of his young men starts out for New York, deliberately with the intention of selling himself in the marriage market. Some of the pages in "The Relentless City" show its author conscious of the still-standing, which means going back, of England. Other pages show him conscious of the material dominance of the United States; he has at least a clear outlook on things and peoples. His satire, though it amuses now and then, loses force, as already pointed out, from being based on too slight a knowledge.

A different phase of New York life is revealed in "The Chasm." Here we are in the worlds of machine politics and society. Once again we are introduced to a "boss." The sketch here is slighter than in the work of Churchill Williams or A. H. Lewis, yet the authors of "The Chasm," Reginald W. Kauffman and E. C. Carpenter, have indubitably succeeded in awakening sympathy for the human side of even the most reviled of political bosses. Our writers seem always to steer toward the extremes of opinion in these matters: the authors already named sugar the pill for us, and then the Waltons and Josiah Flynts, in the fashion of Folk, shout only of the commerce between police and crime. In "The Chasm" the authors have sketched in their outlines well enough; but they might have written a great book. The picture of the boss's son, with his Oxford education, might have been made to count for much more: it remains a shot in the dark. For persons who wish merely a superficial introduction to machine politicians, their life public and life intimate, "The Chasm" will do well enough.

Of far greater real, actual, immediate interest is Will Payne's "Mr. Salt." Here we are in Chicago, as it speculates, as it finances, and as it throbs with vitality. The ever-recurring Chicago of the "Cave Dwellers," the "Colossus," and the scores of volumes since written on the stone-and-steel ugliness, yet relentless energy of that city. Mr. Payne has given us a very vivid figure in his hero; he has vitality, he lives and breathes. No less than the recently staged figures in "The Pit," he has dramatic worth. This much is of

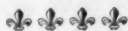
The Mirror

SHERWOOD

BY ALFRED NOYES.

general interest. Of special interest, to St. Louisans, is, or should be, the fact that the financial period in which the scenes of "Mr. Salt" lie is that of the years before and after the World's Fair in Chicago. That time of crash and ruin is realistically drawn. Perhaps, aside from the love story that trickles through the book, the best pages are those in which banking, runs on banks and kindred matters are portrayed.

Rome, Buda-Pest, London, New York, Chicago. And so home, to one's own fire.



HETTY WESLEY

THE TRAGEDY OF THE FIRST METHODIST'S DAUGHTER.

NEVER, perhaps, has Mr. Quiller-Couch displayed so deep a tenderness as in this story of one of the most interesting members of the great Wesley family. ("Hetty Wesley," by A. C. Quiller-Couch, Harper & Brothers, New York.) How far he has used his novelist's privilege and departed from actual happenings matters not at all. His story has the haunting power of truth. It is the story of a woman's soul. With what delicate and intuitive sympathy does he penetrate into the heart of that complex personality Hetty Wesley! Here is no fancy portrait of an ideal heroine, but a woman of flesh and blood—"a queen in a country frock and cobbled shoes; a scholar, a lady amongst hinds; above all, a woman made for love and growing towards love surely, though repressed and thwarted." Mr. Couch gives us many intimate little details of the Wesley household that make plain how galling and embittering to a nature like Hetty's must have been the atmosphere in which she lived. One of a large family, compelled to practise the most sordid economies, tyrannized over by a father whose austerity to his children amounted almost to a mania, it was small wonder that a nature like hers, bursting with life, hungering for experience, should rebel. She sought to find her escape in love, only to discover, when too late, that the man in whom she trusted was of the number of those "born to be the curse of women." The description of Hetty's home-coming after her betrayal, is one of the most effective and painful pieces of story-telling in the book. That she could expect no mercy at her father's hands we are prepared, from Mr. Quiller-Couch's powerful character sketch of the elder Wesley, to believe, but that her mother and most of her sisters should have combined to increase her humiliation and treat her as an outcast and finally drive her into a shameful marriage with a journeyman tinker would seem incredible did not the actual fact stand out to their everlasting shame as amazingly true. Certainly there may be traced in each one of the Wesley family, in greater or lesser degree, a terrible relentless purpose that pursued its way without compassion, without consideration. It was at once the secret of their power and the source of their weakness. It showed itself in Hetty, in her dogged determination to go through with the terrible marriage at any cost and to accept it as God's punishment. The story of her married life, tied to a coarse, drunken clod, is terribly pitiful, and one can feel as one reads how the writer himself shrinks from the degrading details and how the things he tells and still more the things he suggests hurt him to the very soul. He touches with a rare refinement subjects squalid in themselves and throughout he preserves a sense of proportion which gives an added value—a stamp of truth—to his presentation of Hetty's character. Seldom has biographer more successfully selected from the mass of material in his hands the things that really matter. This fictional biography is the greatest and saddest piece of literature that has grown out of the recent celebration of the greatness of the founder of Methodism, and it will be painful reading, indeed, for the people of that sect who have held John Wesley in such extreme veneration.

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?

Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake;

Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,

Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon;

Like a flight of rose leaves fluttering in the mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs::
Love is in the greenwood: dawn is in the skies;
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep:
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-wings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mold,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose feather;

The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows;
All the heart of England hidden in a rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
A bugle in the greenwood echoes from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men;
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May,

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Call them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the Follow! Follow! and the boughs begin to crash;

The ferns begin to waver and the flowers begin to fly;
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves

Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves:
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

—From the London Spectator.



THE WIDOW'S YEAR

LETTERS FROM PORTIA POMEROY TO HER FRIEND, MARY MARTENS.

June 10.

Dear Mary,

I feel disconsolate. I am not one of those who can exhaust their grief in a fortnight of tears, and then freshen up as the flowers do when the sun melts the dewdrops. There is no sun for me. With the passing of my husband I feel a terrible loneliness—you can't realize it, Mary, because you've never been married. Even when one hasn't a passionate love for one's mate, one gets used to him—yes, that's it; the "used to" feeling is a part of our daily life. I never loved Rowland as he loved me. I used to hate myself sometimes when he lavished the wealth of his love on me, for I couldn't return in kind. But he was satisfied. Oh, yes, he never knew. I am a woman, i. e., an actress. What woman doesn't act sometimes—if not every day, every hour, every instant of her life? Rowland thought my passion for him was as intense as his for me. He adored me. He thought me the most beautiful, the cleverest, the best gowned, the incomparable of our set. He was always so proud of me when we went out together. Yet I know, Mary, dear, that there are plenty of women who discount and double-discount me in all the possessions I have named. But Rowland would not have it so. I don't know why I think of all these things now that he is gone. I know, dear, that I shall never cease to mourn his loss. Your lonely Portia.



July 10.

Mary Sweetheart,

Your letters have been such a comfort to me. You are such a mine of sympathy. It is so lovely to know one has a friend whose soul speaks to one's soul, one with whom I am never afraid of being misunderstood. I read a little bit of your last letter to a new acquaintance of mine to-day. He is such a fine fellow, a Mr. Jackson from Chicago. He came with a letter of introduction to poor dear Rowland—just think of that, but then he had been to several other cities before he reached here, and didn't know of my loss. Of course he came up to offer his condolences—that's how I happened to read him part of your letter. He reminds me of you—his smile is so cordial, his hand-clasp so sincere. . . . I had to leave this, dear, for Mr. Jackson came for me to take a little automobile spin through the Park. I did not think it quite right, with poor Rowland only a month in his grave, but Mr. Jackson said it is quite out of date for widows to stay indoors and mope and spoil their complexions. There seemed so much solid sense in that remark that I decided to go. I feel so refreshed by the outing. We stopped at a florist's and bought a big bunch of roses, long-stemmed La France, and I had Marie take them to the cemetery as soon as I returned home. Rowland was always so fond of roses—he used to keep me supplied with them during the season, and out of it, too, for he was very extravagant in some things. Good-bye, dear. Do write soon, for your letters cheer me up so when I am blue. Lovingly, Portia.



August 10.

Darling Mary,

Do you really think, as you wrote me, that I could venture to appear in white waists? I am simply smothering in black—and I never looked well in black next my face. I was wearing a white kimono yesterday, a stunning thing of China crepe that was one of poor Rowland's last gifts—you remember what a genius

The Mirror

he had for buying negliges and fine lingerie—when Mr. Laurence was announced. It was such a frightfully warm day, I concluded to receive him in the kimona. Don't be shocked, dear, for it is quite proper now to wear Oriental costumes in the day time in one's own house—and Mr. L. is a very old friend. He was best man at my wedding, and was a school chum of Rowland's. The first thing he said, was:

"Always wear white."

"But I have to wear black," I answered, without half taking in the sense of the remark.

"Make it white as soon as you can," he returned.

"But white is for virgin brides only," I retorted.

And then I realized how frivolous it was to talk that way—with Rowland's death only two months ago. We began to talk about serious things. But Mr. Laurence never can be serious very long. He's always laughing and telling clever stories. I made him tell me one I'd often wished to hear, one that Rowland never would tell me, but which I knew he knew and that Mr. L. knew. Rowland was overnice in some things, Mary. He always refrained from telling me the good stories he heard at the club. He said they weren't fit for my dainty ears to hear. You know Rowland believed me most opposed to anything like coarseness. And indeed I am—but there's a vast difference between the *risque* and the vulgar. Mr. L.'s story was just a wee bit Frenchy, but it had a brilliant point. Every time I've felt blue since then I've thought of that story—and laughed myself into cheerfulness. When you come to visit me, dear, I'll tell it to you—it won't do to write it. On second thoughts, I'll get Mr. L. to tell it to you himself.

Your devoted

Portia.

September 10.

Mary Dearest,

Do you think I've done a very dreadful thing? I had just returned from the cemetery, where I had wept myself into positive ugliness, when the 'phone rang. It was Mr. Gray—a dear, delightful man who often used to dine with us when poor Rowland was alive. He asked me if he might come and take me for a drive, the day being so balmy. Well, Mary, I felt so sad and wretched that I welcomed any change, and immediately accepted. I wore a thin white waist, but nobody, of course, noticed it under my sealskin. We had lunch at Uncle Tom's Cabin and drove as far as Burlingame. I enjoyed every minute, though don't for a minute think I forgot Rowland. We spoke of him several times. Mr. Gray handles the reins divinely. Poor Rowland never did drive well. He wasn't a bit of a sportsman. Au revoir, love. Write soon.

Portia.

October 10.

Dear Mary,

I have bought myself a new gown of thin black gauze which I shall wear at dinner while I am at the Millers. Do you think it will be wrong if I have the bodice lining cut low and sleeveless? You know the gauze will cover the skin—and this is the warmest season of the year there. The Bowmans persuaded me to go with them. There's to be a hunt ball while we are there, but, of course, I wouldn't think of attending that. The Millers give lovely house parties, and all the guests are quite congenial. The Bowmans said it is quite proper to accept invitations to country-places even when one is in mourning. I shall leave to-morrow. I have left orders at the florist's to have fresh flowers always laid on Rowland's grave while I'm away. Always your loving

Portia.

November 10.

Dear Mary,

I wish you were here. It is such a beautiful place and the Millers and their guests are so charming. There's one of the men—a man *you* would adore at once—who writes the most enchanting poetry. I suppose it's what you'd call erotic verse, but it's de-

lightful. He reads it to me himself, as we lounge under the trees when the others are off playing golf or tennis. It is all about languorous feelings, intense passions, souls blending with hearts, and white arms twining about brown throats, and that sort of thing. It is very fascinating, particularly to me to whom all that sort is so new. You know Rowland always hated anything like Swinburnean poetry. He said that Longfellow was good enough for him. My poet has taught me so much rhythm and rhyme. He says he will write a sonnet to my perfect lips. I know, dear, this sounds silly to you—but think how lonely I am with poor dear Rowland no longer here.

Your desolate

Portia.

December 10.

Dear Mary,

Back home again—and oh, how lonely it is! You don't know, dear, what it is to have had—and lost! I shall go wild if I must bear this terrible pain much longer—the bitterness of being alone. Can't you come and visit me awhile?

Your weeping

Portia.

January 10.

Dearest Mary,

What a brilliant mentality is yours! Since you couldn't come yourself, how dear of you to send a substitute. And such a woman! Your cousin Cecilia is the best joy-maker I ever met. Such a fund of spirits! Such stories—club stories, too (oh, fie!). She mixed me a cocktail first thing—said she never knew anything better as a bracer when one is blue. Then she invited two of her men friends to dinner—and one of them was that charming Mr. Jackson of Chicago, who is in town for a few days. Your cousin made me turn in the neck of my crepe de chine gown. She was décolleté, herself. We had a charming dinner—she supervised it all. We are going to dine at the Black Poodle to-morrow with Mr. Jackson and another man, a New York friend of his. We shall go upstairs, as, of course, I couldn't be seen in the public dining-room, only seven months a widow. Thanks, ever so much, for sending your cousin to me.

Portia.

February 10.

Dear Mary,

Just a line, for I am dreadfully rushed. Cecilia has kept me going out to dinner, or lunch, or driving, ever since she came. She leaves to-morrow. Mr. Gray is giving her a farewell automobile drive and a dinner to follow at the Club, to-day, so I have just time to send this off before I dress. I had to get a new black chiffon gown for the affair. Cecilia made me have it cut demi-decolleté and with half-sleeves. I am just sending Marie to the cemetery with some chrysanthemums. It is three weeks since I was able to get there myself, but then I have been so rushed.

Portia.

March 10.

Darling Mary,

I feel very lonely and sad to-day. Mr. Jackson left for Chicago this A. M. and I went down to see him off. He is such a dear, kind, sympathetic fellow. I suppose he will make some pretty young Chicago girl a magnificent husband some day. After leaving the ferry I went out to the cemetery. It seemed ages since I was there. Weeds had grown around the grave—yet I have always paid my cemetery dues. How careless and neglectful gardeners are! It made me feel so miserable I don't think I shall go there again.

Lovingly,

Portia.

April 10.

Dear Mary,

Do you think it would be sinful if I introduced a bit of white into my Easter hat? It is now a good many months since poor Rowland passed away. I suppose nobody has kept count of the actual time, and

it is really nearly a year. I am getting dreadfully tired of black—and it is so unbecoming. Rowland never could abide me in black—and surely I should try to please his taste as much now as when he was alive. Don't you think so?

Portia.

May 10.

Mary, Dear Girl,

I hate to tell you—and yet I don't believe you'll scold me. I am going to be married—to-morrow. Yes, I knew you'd say Mr. Jackson, but you're not making a good guess. I like Mr. J.—yes, and when we dined together it's true I did let him kiss me, as I wrote you. He wasn't the only one, either—now, don't preach, dear. I'll tell you all about it, and why I have decided that Mr. Laurence and no other shall be the one. You know I often told you how I felt toward Rowland—that I never could truly respond to his caresses. I pretended—and I liked him very much, and I did not know anything different, and so it didn't matter much since he was satisfied. But during my widowhood I have had some experience—I have *let* myself have experience. And the fruit is—Mr. Laurence. He's all that Rowland wasn't. I am all fire in his presence. He warms my very soul. And, you know, Mary, what that clever old matron told us—that widows should never stay widows, that they ought to give some man the benefit of their experience. For the last time, Mary, I write myself.

Portia Pomeroy.

From Town Talk.

ADELINA PATTI

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

BETWEEN forty and fifty years ago a noted impresario—I think it was Max Maretzek—introduced to the New York public a young prima donna. She had come of a family of singers and musicians, and as a child had sung over that part of the country which at the time comprised the circuit of traveling theatrical companies. She had been regarded as a sort of infant prodigy, but this New York appearance was her introduction to the greatest public as an aspirant for the highest operatic honors. She was seventeen years of age, and the opera—if I am not mistaken—was "Don Pasquale."

Among the audience that night were a lady and gentleman—relatives of mine—who have often described to me the dark, piquant prettiness of the young singer, her light, fragile figure, and the crystalline purity of her birdlike voice. Between the acts they went into the box of a certain lady of fashionable proclivities, whose husband was a great light in the newspaper world. Between the acts the impresario entered the box, anxious to hear their opinions of his star.

These differed. My relative, who was musical, told him she thought the voice was of remarkable quality, and that the singer would have a great future, provided that she retained her physical health. She had now an appearance of girlish fragility that did not suggest the powerful constitution necessary to the prima donna. The other lady was pessimistic, and told him frankly that she thought the voice thin and poor, and not to build his hopes upon one who would never amount to anything. But the impresario's faith was unshakable. As he rose to leave the box he said: "This girl you hear singing to-night will be some day not only the greatest prima donna in this country—she will be the greatest in the world."

And he was right. For the singer was Adelina Patti.

Looking at Patti to-day and glancing backward over the forty-five years which divide her from that time, one realizes that hers has been one of the great careers of the nineteenth century. It has not been spectacular and tragic like that of so many celebrated singers. Its unique points have been the length of its period of public performance, its unflinching suc-

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cess, and the undiminished power of the singer over her audiences. Has any other operatic star in the history of the stage held such a position for nearly half a century? In her sixty-second year Patti can draw a full house—in sated, blasé New York—at seven dollars a seat. It will be her last, and, in its way, it is her greatest triumph.

Du Maurier in "Trilby" called her "the last of the great prima donnas." And she does seem to be the last of that line of singers who were truly "queens of song," women who swayed vast masses of people not only by the perfection of their vocal gifts, but by their triumphant charm. We have great voices today, but that combination of peerless singing, with physical beauty and personal magnetism, has for the time being passed. Adelina Patti is the sole survivor of that company of incomparable singers and beguiling women, who made a simultaneous appeal to the eye and the ear, to the body, the mind, and the soul.

The general opinion in the outside world is regret for this tour. There was no necessity for it. The diva is rich enough already without needing the three hundred thousand dollars which it is said she is to be paid for the winter's work. She is not a wrecked Patti, a feeble echo of a once perfect thing. Neither is she an old Patti, a being who belongs to the chimney corner now that her life's work is over. But it would have been better to have left a lovely illusion in the memories of men, not only of a haunting voice, each note a perfect pearl, but of a bewitching woman, whose beauty was mellowing into an autumnal ripeness when it was withdrawn into the peaceful seclusion of Craig-y-Nos Castle.

On the stage she still preserves a wonderful illusion of youth. This is not the case in the hard light of day. It is nearly three years ago now that I saw Patti and her husband, one morning, on the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. She was dressed with a wonderful elaboration and brilliancy, was much made up, and had red gold hair of a most improbable shade. She looked as old as Mrs. Skewton, and fully as artificial. It was a shock, especially when you looked at her husband, who was a very tall, well-dressed, and handsome young man, who had the air of being say (to be charitable) thirty-five.

Her remarkable appearance on the stage is, I think, a matter of lights. I noticed on the afternoon I heard her that the illuminating was mostly from above and was behind her, throwing her figure out against a sort of radiant background. She was dressed with all Patti's famous elegance, wearing no hat, and a low neck, though it was a matinée performance. Her dress, a filmy white affair, with some pale pink flowers scattered over it, was supplemented by a dog-collar

of pearls so high that she was forced to hold her chin up at rather an awkward angle. She has changed the golden red dye she used for her hair into a reddish brown, and her coiffure was simple, all the hair drawn up to the top of her head and there loosely knotted, and framing her face in a dark roll. As to her face itself, it was impossible to say whether it was an old one or not, because no light fell directly upon it. It looked a little fuller in contour than of old; that was all one could notice. It was in her figure, and only there, that you saw the encroachments of age. She has the elderly woman's back, no longer flat and upright, but with a curious molded stoutness at the nape of the neck, and an ungraceful heaviness over the hips.

In manner, in all the famous tricks that have held her audiences spellbound for nearly half a century, she was the same old Patti. There was the little, quick, confident walk out from the wings in answer to the roar of the encores. The same expression of naive, delighted surprise as she bowed right and left, a picture of astonished pleasure at such unexpected appreciation. When the flowers were handed up, she ran to receive them with the old and always charming gesture of enraptured amazement, clasped them in her arms, and looked over them at the audience with a face so wreathed in smiles that one did not notice it was no longer fresh and young.

It was the same old Patti! No one has ever understood so perfectly and completely the way to manage an audience—give it only what you want to give it, and make it think it has got just what it wanted to have given. It clamored for a second encore to the first aria, but it got only the one. The diva appeared as often as it called her, bowing, smiling, hand on heart, charmingly pleased, almost humbly gratified, but she would not sing again. After every call she retired to a side door, whence, from where I sat, I could see a little group of women waiting for her. As she came among them the arms of one were held out toward her, a white woolen cape depending from the hands, and almost before she had got out of the audience's sight the cape was thrown on her shoulders and muffled tightly round what is still the most valuable throat in the world.

She was only down twice on the long programme. She gives two of her famous Italian arias and two encores, with generally "Home Sweet Home" or "The Last Rose of Summer" as a supplemental third. Musicians say that her voice becomes obviously exhausted by the time the second encore is over. I am fain to confess that I did not notice this. What one did notice was her determined resolution to give no more than "what was nominated in the bond." It is said

that she has just enough voice to get through the concert programme with honors, and she is too clever a woman to let vanity or the public's demand beguile her into what might be a disastrous generosity.

As to the condition of her voice there are many opinions. I have heard her performances called "lamentable" and "as fine as ever." In my opinion, one finds the truth between these two extremes. I never heard Patti till she was old for a prima donna. That was about twelve years ago, when she must have been in the second half of her 'forties. Her voice was then incomparably finer than it is now. Those who had heard her in the zenith of her career, when, as the young wife of the Marquis de Caux, she was the operatic star of Europe, say there was no comparison between the voice they heard and the voice I heard. This I could now repeat to the lady I was with, who had never before seen the great singer.

The first encore, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," was extraordinarily beautiful. The harshness which has crept into the liquid perfection of the upper notes was less noticeable, and in parts the purity of tone seemed unimpaired. There was a floating, dreamy quality about the mounting sounds that was strangely moving. The soul of the dying queen seemed already disattached from its mortal part and slowly ascending to sweet, sad harmonies. The diva sang with unwonted feeling, and the audience sat breathless and enchanted. A storm of applause followed the fading away of the last exquisite note. The singer responded with something genuinely flushed and triumphant in her mien. She was still Adelina Patti!

It was in the second operatic aria, "The Jewel Song," from "Faust," that she showed "the tooth of time." The splendid exuberance and joy of youth with which she had once sung this rippling burst of song, the upbubbling of laughter from a girl's gay heart, were gone. It was an old performance, labored and cautious. The spontaneous gladness of the high notes was absent. Instead, they came with a calculated precision; sometimes they seemed difficult of achievement, and were edged with harshness. It was the only performance of the afternoon which showed, beyond a doubt, that the singer was far in the decline of her powers.

I think myself that this will be the last of Patti's farewell tours. One is loath to think it and write it. Though we have laughed at them and made merry over them, they have been part of our lives, and such a gracious part! When they are over and Patti becomes a really old lady at Craig-y-Nos, how we will talk of the wonders of her voice, and try to describe it to those who never heard the "last of the great prima donnas."

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INDIANS AT STRAUSS'

Lovers of art and history and students of photography as well, will be more than repaid by a visit, this week, to the studio of Mr. J. C. Strauss, Franklin near Grand, for there is on exhibition, without a doubt, one of the most original, complete and singularly artistic selections of photographs ever seen in St. Louis. It is the pictorial history of the Redman and his environments, past and present, and is by Edward S. Curtis, of Seattle, no mere knight of the dark room, but a man with the soul and brain and eye of an artist.

The average evocation of a photograph is not one of rapture, although it may be pleasing enough, but in this collection the beholder sees the work of the camera crowned by the touch of the artist, evoking approbation. There are ninety-two pictures in all, and each is a faithful portrayal of Indians and Indian life.

In order to more fully appreciate the merit of the work, Mr. Curtis has accomplished, it is necessary to know something of the method he employed in creating it. True, he had the various types of Indians, but his was not to be a presentation of the aborigine as he is to-day, a wreck of peoples once powerful, masters of this vast domain. He sought to picture him in all his glory of empire possession and tribal strength; as well as the bowed and humble ward of the nation, as he is to-day. He went among the Indians, became one of them, as it were. He spent the best years of his life among them, studying their characteristics and tribal customs. The result is what is known to-day as the "Curtis Indian." He took the abject creature of to-day and with the perfect knowledge gleaned from his years of association with the subject, has enshrined him in photographic grandeur, in all the romance of the past. In his pictures one can see the Redman as he was when Columbus came among them, as he was when the pioneer began his onward march, his attitude in battle array, in peace, in pleasure, and as he is to-day—mostly a hopeless representative of a once virile race of men. Curtis, the man who has produced all this with the camera, has indeed painted an almost forgotten history and a soon to be extinguished race.

In the collection are pictures well worthy of the title "masterpiece." "The Lost Trail" is one of these. It is a beautiful landscape representing a group of Apache horsemen gathered on a slight elevation of the Yuca-grown plain of Apache land, their dark blanketed forms and bronzed faces boldly outlined against the clear sky of the desert. Another work which breathes the spirit of true art, and which is highly suggestive of Millet's "Angelus," in pose and sentiment, is "Digging Clams."

Another fascinating picture is a group of Blackfoot people at the time of their annual sun dance. This represents a custom that is about dead among the Indians, for with the rapid changes in Indian life, it is doubtful if there ever will be seen again such an Indian concourse.

Another striking group is also from

the Apache tribe, and it represents a band of Indians, some mounted and others squatting on the ground, planning a raid upon an enemy.

Of interesting individual types there are any number, all so perfect of pose and in detail that it is difficult to raise a question as to difference in merit. A notable one is "Old Chino," an old Apache renegade, who holds the criminal record among his people. He is a striking looking old character, with white hair and a face that belies his reputation. Of Indian matrons and girls the collection contains several striking types. One in particular is "Nah Lene," a handsome girl of the Apache family. "Nah Lene" appears in holiday attire, as the picture was taken when the tribe was preparing for a feast and ceremonial dance.

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SOCIETY

The formal gayeties in society circles have been mostly confined during the past fortnight to the introduction of debutantes, all of whom are now formidably launched. What remains of the ante-holiday season will be devoted to balls, dinners, charity bazaars and theater amusements.

The Yale Glee Club concert on Tuesday evening, December 22, will be the important society event, with lots of informal entertainments to precede it and to follow in its wake. The girls are on tip-toe of expectation, for this season's club has some very handsome and eligible men on its roster.

An engagement soon to be announced in an exclusive coterie is that of Miss Isabel Wallace, the charming niece of Mr. Robert S. Brookings, and John Coles, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Coles, of Bartmer avenue. Miss Wallace is a sister of Harry Brookings Wallace, who married Miss Mary Rebecca Kennard, a little over a year ago. The announcement of the wedding date will be made simultaneously with the engagement.

Another rumored engagement connects the name of a handsome young Cabanneite, son of a wealthy retired broker, with one of the most eligible young women of the smart set.

From Germany comes the sad news that Mr. Carl Daenzer, the former proprietor of the St. Louis *Anzeiger*, and father of Mrs. John Schroers, is approaching his end. Mr. Daenzer has made his home at Neckarsulm, in Wuerttemberg, with relatives for several years. His former editor-in-chief, Mr. Schierenberg, now connected with the *Wiesbaden Press*, was called to Mr. Daenzer's bedside a week ago, when it was thought that the eminent St. Louis journalist and philanthropist had only a little while to live.

Mrs. Dr. Reisinger, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, a sister of Adolphus, August and Anton Busch, died recently at the hale old age of eighty. Mrs. Reisinger is the mother of Hugo Reisinger, of New York, who married Mr. Adolphus Busch's second daughter, the handsome Edmee Busch.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Faust, Sr., and Mrs. A. D. Giannini, are now in Berlin at the Bristol, the guests of the Uhls. From Berlin they will go to Nice, Venice, Rome, and then to Cairo, Egypt, to spend the Christmas holidays.

After all, the engagement of Edward S. Robert and Mrs. George A. Madill, one of the wealthiest St. Louis society widows, stands as it was originally announced in the columns of the *MIRROR*. It was vehemently denied at that time by relatives and friends of both parties. The outcome proves that these hysterical denials were uncalled for. Mr. Robert was a warm friend and protege of the late Judge Madill, whose second wife, Mrs. Madill was. She was an Eastern girl, and as beautiful Elizabeth MacNillan she had many suitors. The wedding will take place in January.

One of the most fashionable weddings of the winter will be that of Miss Lillian Rearden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Rearden, and Mr. Christian Kenney. The wedding, which takes place at the home of the bride's parents in Washington boulevard, has sundry unique features, the principal one being the profuse decoration of the house with American Beauty roses, immense California chrysanthemums and Florida smilax. The colors will be charmingly blended. Mrs. William Walker, of Denver, a bride of a few months, will be Miss Rearden's matron of honor. Mrs. Walker was Miss Irma Espenhain until last July, when her marriage at Milwaukee to Mr. Walker came as a stunning surprise to her St. Louis friends. Miss Mamie Sawyer, of Lindell boulevard, will be Miss Rearden's maid of honor. Mr. Warren Kenney will be his brother's best man, and Mr. Frank Le Roy Rearden, the bride's brother, will serve as groomsman. A large reception will follow the ceremony, which will be performed by Rev. Michael Burnham. Mr. and Mrs. Kenney will go on a honeymoon tour, returning at Christmas, when they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rearden.

Miss Rearden was given her fill of pre-nuptial affairs during the last week. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Puller, themselves bride and groom, entertained Miss Rearden, and her party with an elegant dinner. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kenney gave a dinner to their son and his fiancée, and the bridal party on Monday evening. Miss Mamie Sawyer, Miss Rearden's maid of honor, was the hostess at a beautiful dinner given at her home in Lindell boulevard. Mr. and Mrs. Mermann Steinwender entertained the Rearden-Kenney bridal party at a charming Dutch supper last Saturday evening.

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SOCIETY

A dainty home wedding on Tuesday evening was that of Miss Lyda Chase, daughter of Mrs. Dr. Emma Eames Chase, and Mr. Latham T. Souther. Mrs. James Jones, of Springfield, Ill., was the bride's matron of honor and Miss Rhoda Chase, a cousin, was her maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Misses Lucy Souther and Phoebe Chase. Mr. Souther's best man was Mr. Tom Smith, of Springfield, with Messrs. Addison Corneau, of Chicago, George Chase of Hillsboro Ill., and Darwin Chase as groomsmen.

Mrs. Alexander H. Handlan's reception at the Washington Hotel yesterday was given in honor of her daughters, Misses Marie, Katherine and Vella Handlan. It drew out the smart set in large force, and was easily the most elegant affair of the week. Mrs. Handlan was assisted at this function by her daughter, Mrs. William J. Lemp, Jr., her daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. H. Handlan, Jr., Mmes. J. W. Paramore and Charles P. Wise, and Misses Elsa Lemp and Myra Opel.

The week opened auspiciously with the reception which Mrs. William Bagwell, of Westmoreland Place, gave Monday afternoon for Mrs. Lon V. Stephens, and the luncheon given by Mrs. E. A. W. Clymer at the new Woman's Club, at which her niece, Miss Harriet von Schrader, daughter of Capt. Frederick von Schrader, now stationed in Manila, was the honoree. Mrs. Clymer was assisted in entertaining her guests by her niece and Misses Jane and Maria Taylor, two of this season's debutantes. Both functions brought out the fashionables in best bib and tucker.

The Cotillion Club's first ball at Mahler's, on Wednesday, opened the season for the younger exclusives of the smart set. Only two balls will be given, the second in January, and invitations are more difficult to obtain than ever. The invitation committee was inexorable in its scrutiny of the list of guests proposed, and there was some disappointment, it is said, among a few, who had attended heretofore.

Mrs. William H. Lee, of Vandeventer Place, has sent out invitations for the ball which she will give at the St. Louis Club, Monday, December 14. She will introduce her daughter, Miss Margaret Lee, who is looked upon as one of the most eligible debutantes of the year.

On the same day will occur the marriage of Miss Mae Emma Robinson, daughter of Mr. Edward L. Robinson, of Cabanne, and Mr. Julius Bernard Haanel. Miss Viola Robinson, as maid of honor, will be formally presented to society on that occasion. A reception will follow the ceremony.

Mrs. Huntington Smith's "illustrated lecture" on lately presented physical culture theories was given to a fashionable coterie of the hostess's friends. Mr. W. Earl Flynn was the lecturer and Mrs. Louise McIntyre the demonstrator.

Mrs. Theodore De Forest came in from her country place for the winter. She is located in pleasant apartments at 3620 Washington Boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Kingsland will have with them during the holiday season their daughter, Mrs. Herbrand Harvey, of Minneapolis, who was Miss Bessie Kingsland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Waddell of Denver, Colorado, are the holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. C. Lucas, sister and brother-in-law of Mrs. Lucas.

Col. and Mrs. R. C. Kerens returned to the city last Saturday morning from Washington and New York.

Mrs. Joseph Wear will entertain during the Christmas holidays her sister, Miss Potter, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Manton Davis is entertaining his brother, Mr. Robert Davis, of Mayfield, Ky., one of the prominent society men of that delightful town.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Knolker left for New York last week, to meet Mrs. Peter O'Neil and Miss Ellen O'Neil, Mrs. Nolker's mother and sister, who have been abroad all summer.

Miss Jessie Friend, of Washington Boulevard, has gone to Dallas, Texas, where she is the guest of Miss Florence Swope.

Col. and Mrs. Charles E. Ware and Miss Eloise Ware, have taken apartments on Westminster Place, near King's Highway, where they will be located during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard O'Fallon have returned from their honeymoon trip and will be the holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. William G. McRee, Mrs. O'Fallon's parents.

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"ULYSSES"

BY W. M. R.

A pretty, sweet, poetic drama of love and faith and truth and home, is "Ulysses," as written by Stephen Phillips. It is beautiful, but not with a severe Greek beauty. It is simple, but not with that awe-inspiring simplicity of the old Greek story. There are brilliant passages, purple patches, but missing, intensely missing, so to speak, are "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey." Mr. Phillips has a light touch but shows it not often. His attitude towards the story is shown in the final words of *Zeus*, in the rhymed prologue, in which the ruler of Olympus says that "ever from the first the guiding of this globe engendered thirst," in other words, "drove him to drink." Yet the work has its fine quality. If you know and catch the lines there is a rare delight in the scene between *Ulysses* and *Calypso* when the wanderer comes from beneath the goddess's spell and tries to conceal from her the brutal truth of his weariness of her art of loving, of his longing for Penelope "with no skill in loving—but to love," his yearning for her voice in the songs of his own land, his craving for the crags and forests and streams of Ithaca. The poet's work reveals the secret of the palling of the enchantress, and it does so in speech stately and musical. *Ulysses* is gentle with *Calypso*. He has enjoyed her, yes; but he would home again. He is not harsh or cruel. He tells her everything that draws him home, but nothing to the effect that she has cloyed him. And *Calypso* takes it all with fair bravery. She is not moved, as, let us say, *Camille*

is moved at the inevitable breaking off of love under the lawless spell. She cries;

she has a moment of wildly raging scorn for the wife; she tries the lure of abandon, recalling the delights of delay; but in the end she blows him a breeze to waft him home, wishing faint-heartedly she might waft him back again. But we must remember it is all unreal, that it is all in an enchanted land. It may have been real to the Greeks, though they were so intelligent one doubts it; but it cannot be real unto us in our more supreme sophistication. *Calypso* is not convincing as played, though *Athene* is more so, for the lady who enacts the goddess of wisdom has the looks.

The scene in Hell is similarly unreal. Much eloquence though there be pouring from *Ulysses*, we realize that it is only poetry, that the hell into which we are initiated is but a shadowy land. We know Tantalus and Sisyphus and Tiresias and Prometheus for what they are—myths of life. There's a cold tenderness in the scene with the shade of *Ulysses's* mother. Finer, because conceived nearer the Greek form, is the passage with *Agamemnon* and the latter's terse-told tale of his slaughter by his wife. *Clytemnestra*. The scenes in Hell have a certain dignity that is ineradicable from Mr. Phillips's poetry, that cannot be ignored in the grave manner of Mr. Tyrone Power, and yet the effect almost inevitably is a tendency to snicker upon the part of those who have no lingering veneration for the old Homeric story, as it runs in the matchless Greek lines. Though you know your *Odyssey* never so well, you feel that Mr. Phillips's Hell is indeed a place of mist, a sleepy, shadowy world, that it isn't the solemn Hell that Homer imagined. The American of to-day is almost inescapably prone to look upon and

listen to such scenes as if they were part of a spectacular beauty show in the "Black Crook" manner. The horrors and terrors are not realistic. Our minds and hearts however much we may remember of the old story, are related to the scenes and incidents only remotely.

We are more at home where *Ulysses* and we are brought in touch with real men, with real passions great and small in Ithaca. And here the play is strong as well as fine. *Ulysses's* apostrophe to his own brown earth is fine. His lying to *Athene* is in character. His scene with his son, *Telemachus*, is strong in its simple fashion. *Telemachus* may not be much thought of, as played at the Olympic this week, but I venture the opinion that it is as thought of simply because it is so absolutely conceived in sympathy with the poet's conception. *Telemachus* is but a boy, a mild, somewhat saddened boy. *Cteissipus*, *Eurymachus*, *Antinous* are better done—to the popular taste. They have the emphasis the crowd looks for. They are done on broad lines—the acting rather coarsely in my judgment, bodying forth the poet's presentation of the clumsy wit of one, the craft of another, the passionate exquisiteness and overbearingness of still another. The gentlemen who enact these parts are first rate actors, but they coarsen the poet's thought in putting it into action. The scenes of revel were, to my thinking, coarsened to catch the taste of the groundlings. Methinks the Greeks did not revel so. At least, I don't remember such revels, such obviousness of coarseness in the Greek. The action in the scenes with the handmaidens is too much like a too literal translation that catches the meaning of the words in their



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first intention, as it were, but misses the spirit, the atmosphere, the genius, the feeling that gave the words shades of meaning that constitute the real poetry. *Antinous* was too much of a romantic. *Ctesippus* was too much of a Falstaff. *Eurymachus* seemed as one who should have cynically smoked a cigarette. Yet their lines were fine and they gave them well. Only they didn't act as one imagines their Greek forerunners must have acted. The *Penelope* was exceedingly good to look upon. She had a sad severity of dignity. Her lisp was fascinating. It gave an acute charm to her almost miraculously distinct enunciation. It emphasized the color and tone of her voice. Methought the lisp accorded well with that luscious heaviness of facial contour, that "Hebraic unction" of looks which is this actress's dower. Her calm power was as pleasing as the intense alertness of the lady who played *Athene*, especially in the goatherd scene, in which she tested *Ulysses's* craft. If the *Penelope* was Hebraic rather than Greek, and if the *Athene* were a sort of French-Irish bit of feminine sprightliness rather than Olympian and Attic, nevertheless are they both good to look upon and listen to. Somehow Mr. Tyrone Power mostly reminded me of the *vox et preterea nihil*. There is little call for acting, even in the scene which calls for the climacteric bending of the bow. He said fine things, tender things, wise things, brave things, but of action there was little, too, too little. The play really doesn't call for it. Mr. Power reads well. He looks like he might have passed in a crowd in the violet land of Greece. His work bespeaks intelligent restraint. But it is not acting of the high and mighty Ulyssean sort. That is not his fault. The English poet wrote the poem-play in a tone and key with the literary far in excess of dramatic motif. Therefore the play must have been to anyone who read the poem before seeing the acting at least fifty times as interesting as to those who were unprepared for and unexpectant of the expressional niceties in which the production beautifully abounds. I have no words to say of the role of *Eumaeus*, the swineherd, other than that it was done perfectly. That is the only word for its uncouth humor, wisdom, pathos—just perfect down to the most infinitesimal detail of what the actors call business. I have praised the various finer parts. It is in order to give the names of the actors. Orme Caldara was *Telemachus*; Frank Sheridan, *Antinous*; H. Ogden Crane, *Eurymachus*; Emil Hoch, *Ctesippus*; Fuller Mellish, *Eumaeus*; Adelaide Prince, *Athene*; Alida Cortelyou, *Penelope*. A most excellent cast indeed. And "Ulysses" makes a rich and rare entertainment. It is novel. It is clean and clear cut. It has a breath of bigness and primitiveness in it. It reaches the heart without too much intensity. It appeals to the intellect rather more. It is real poetry—not of the highest sort, to be sure, but it does catch and hold a faint echo of the great adventure which it attempts,—alas how vainly—to epitomize. It deals with the old eternal things, with the passions uncomplicated and uncheaped, with the sane free world of Greek thought and fancy and life that was open to the air. There



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is a hint of destiny therein, but the chief charm is in its frankness, in the naturalness of it, in a certain irresponsibility, as we might say, as of creatures in Fairyland. There are no problems. There is no crudity in its simplicity. Looking at the play you think of all that is called up in the line "the fresh large utterance of the early gods." To those who have seen "Ulysses," I may say they can renew and protract their pleasure by reading the book in the Macmillan edition. After all, it is really worth while to live in St. Louis when one can see and hear in the same week two productions of as high, sound and sweet and strong a class as "Ulysses" at the Olympic, and "Everyman" at the Odeon. And it's interesting to try such a thing as "Soldiers of Fortune" on yourself after having witnessed the other works. "Ulysses" makes a man uplift his head and his heart and his hope for a day of return to the drama that means something that is not foolish nor nasty nor both.



The Olympic Theater has booked for next week James O'Neill in Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Gerard." Mr. O'Neill's company includes Mr. Preston, Clarke, Mr. Edmund Breege and Miss Selene Johnson.



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NEW BOOKS

The hero of "The Shutters of Silence," G. B. Burgin's late novel, published by the Smart Set Publishing Company, is a young man reared in the severest school of worldly renunciation, a Trappist monastery. As a lad he came there one winter night, abandoned by his mother, an English woman who had married a man of wealth and title, and then abandoned him. At Mahota, the Canadian retreat of the Trappists, he received such early training as would fit him for a religious life. Just before taking his final vows, his father traces him to this monastery. His mother had remarried a nobleman, but the sire is anxious to find his boy. He does so, and returns with him to England. There the unsophisticated youth becomes the central figure in several love affairs. His struggles with the material concerns of life, of which he knows nothing; the schemes laid to entrap him, and the final flight from all that oppresses him back to Mahota, are brilliantly told in the various chapters of the book. The finality is a happy one. While the father, always a worldling, seeks rest and finds eternal sleep at Mahota, the son only remains there long enough to close his parent's eyes, and then is claimed by a splendid young woman, from whose love he fled, because others had caused him to lose faith in the ideals of life. Both as *Brother Colombe*, the Trappist monk, and as *Harry Winchester*, suddenly thrust into the problems of worldly existence, the hero of Mr. Burgin's story is a charming conception. The descriptive features of the story are not the least part of its attractiveness.

A difficult psychological subject is presented in a manner at once intelligible and entertaining by Henry Wood, in "The New Thought Simplified." Mr. Wood is the author of several works of a similar character. Much that has been written on the subject, "new thought," by others has tended to confuse rather than enlighten those who attempted perusal, but in this work of Mr. Wood's, the average attentive reader can grasp, at least, some of the inner spirit or substance of the idea which the apostles of "new thought" seek to inculcate. Comments on the "new thought" in its relation to other systems, to the Bible, the Church and faith in general, furnishes some idea of their attitude from a religious standpoint. The gist of the volume is that thinking is a habit, that most of the present day thinking is automatic; that the mind can be trained, if we will but persevere, to cease its idle efforts, and create none but the useful, beautiful thoughts. To acquire this ecstatic state of mind the author says it is necessary to get out of the ruts of convention and dogma, creations of other brains, and to be our real selves, have our own ideals, our own new thought. Mr. Wood admits it is difficult of attainment, but he declares that success in it is possible if we but will it so. He compares the mind to a cistern, the water of which, originally, polluted, may be clarified, purified eventually, by the inflowing of the pure, fresh stream. He argues

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—BY—

Mary Lamson Clarke,

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716 Locust St., (4th floor) take Elevator

Every day at 2 P. M. and 8 P. M.

You are invited to attend.

Cook With Gas.

BILL OF FARE

THURSDAY, DEC. 10th, 1903.

*Macaroni Timbale with Tomato Sauce,
Escaloped Tomato,
Dinner Rolls,
Apple Meringue.*

FRIDAY, DEC., 11th, 1903.

*Fried Fish,
Sauce Piquante,
Mashed Potatoes,
Salsify Salad,
White Bread,
Doughnuts,*

SATURDAY, DEC., 12th, 1903.

*Beef Stew with Dumplings, Parsnip Fritters,
Muffins,
Delicate Pudding with Custard Sauce.*



THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT CO.,
716 LOCUST STREET.

that the so-called faith cure is really "new thought" exemplified. With religious, he says, the system is not in conflict. The book is from the press of Lee & Shepard, of Boston. Postpaid, the price is 88 cents.

Claude H. Wetmore, author of several volumes depicting life in South America, has in his latest work, "In a Brazilian Jungle," presented to the reading public an interesting tale of adventure, which equals, if not surpasses, its pre-

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Chief of all Beers

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The finest family and table beer

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A copy of the Illustrated Catalogue of the "Four-Track Series" will be sent free upon receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

CUT ALMOST HALF IN TWO AT DRAUGHON'S COLLEGE.

To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner 10th and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10, it will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Type-writing Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)

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ARCHITECT
HIGH-CLASS WORK
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KIRKLOCH A 294

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

decessors. From first to last the story is full of South American activity, and the characteristics of the people. It also possesses the charm of being a volume of instruction, as it not only portrays the manners and customs of the people and the State, but it describes in detail a coffee plantation, how the coffee is grown, and prepared. The story is illustrated by H. Burgess, and is from the press of H. A. Wilde & Co., Chicago and Boston. The price per copy is \$1.25.



Time was when a tubular chime hall clock was too expensive for ordinary means. We have them now at prices to suit the moderate purse.

J. BOLLAND JEWELRY Co.,
Seventh and Locust Streets.



The pupils of Mrs. Lucy B. Ralston were entertained at her residence on the afternoon of December 4, when a very attractive programme of classical and modern music was given by a part of her class. The names on the programme were: Misses Ingraham Aderton, Elice Boogher, Caroline Garrett, Mary Marshall, Laura May Watts, Nellie and Ada Weber. Mr. Joseph Crawford furnished the vocal part of the recital.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark Morfit have taken apartments for the winter at 5367 Cabanne avenue and will be at home to their friends after the 15th of December.

The engagement of Miss Frieda Summa to Mr. August Eggman, of East St. Louis, was announced last week, and the young couple have since been the recipients of congratulations from many friends. Miss Summa is the talented daughter of Dr. Henry H. Summa, of 5703 Florissant avenue. Mr. Eggman is the son of Emil Eggman, City Comptroller of East St. Louis.

Mrs. E. R. Meston, of 5619 Cates avenue, gave an elaborate party in honor of four-year-old Aleck Meston. Fourteen children, dressed for the occasion, participated. The dining room was decorated with a profusion of flowers, with Japanese novelty effects, and brilliantly set off by a myriad of variously colored small incandescent lights. The children attending were: Helena White, Martin F. Engman, Jr., Katherine Parker, Dorothy Phillips, Robert Meston, Jamie Montieth, Donald Danforth, Janet Holmes, Donald McLean, Maud Holmes, Gertrude Reader, Meston Holmes, Virginia Henderson.

Our Christmas goods are now in stock and we invite inspection and comparison.
J. BOLLAND JEWELRY Co.,
Seventh and Locust Streets.



The other day an Irishman bought a copy of "Irish Melodies" at a second-hand London book-store for a shilling. The bookseller was surprised, a few moments later, when the excited purchaser returned, and, shaking his fist at him, cried: "I could kill ye for selling these immortal gems so cheap!"



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GERMAN THEATER

"ODEON"

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TO-NIGHT,

STUDENTS' NIGHT

"Minna von Barnhelm"

Comedy in Five Acts by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 13.

"Deborah"

Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Imperial 25c Matinees Daily, 25c
Get the Habit.

Week Starting Sun. Mat., December 13th,
Hall Caine's Great Play

THE CHRISTIAN

XMAS WEEK—SELMA HERMAN in The
Charity Nurse.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

ROBERT EDESON,
(Management Henry B.
Harris) in Richard
Harding Davis' play

Soldiers of Fortune
Reg. Mat. Saturday

NEXT SUNDAY,

Reserved seats Thurs.

The BURGOMASTER

with Ruth White, Oscar
L. Figman and the fa-
mous original cast.

NEXT FRIDAY
EVENING,

PATTI

"The Greatest Songstress the world has ever known."

Sale on Monday at Bollman's

Prices, \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5. Boxes \$30.00.

The Grand

Wm. Schaefer,
Proprietor.

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets,

**Finest Bar and Billiard
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STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS
IN EVERY RESPECT.

L'Art Nouveau, Original Designs, 4011
Olive street. The Gift Shop. 9 to 12.

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Mon., Tues., Fri. and Sat.
Eves. at 8:30. Wed. Thurs.
and Sat. Mats. at 2:30.

Charles Frohman presents
The XVth century morality play

"Everyman"

"As impressive as a Passion Play."

Acted by the London Company under
the personal direction of Ben Greet.

Tickets 50c to \$1.50, on sale at
Bollman's, 1120 Olive Street.

GRAND

Mats. Wed., Sat.
Good Seats, 25c.
Night Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.

George Sidney in

"Busy Izzy"

Next Sunday Mat.—Eugenie Blair in "Za Za"

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

Charles Frohman
presents Stephen Phil-
lips' Poetic Play

ULYSSES

Reg. Matinee Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY,

Seats Thursday.

Mr. James O'Neill
in the new Conan Doyle
play

The Adventures of
Gerard and the great
one act London sensation
The Sacrament of
Judas.

STANDARD

The Home of Folly.

Two Frolics Daily

THIS WEEK,

Manchester's

Cracker

Jacks.

NEXT WEEK,

Gus Hill's

Vanity

Fair

TOPICS OF SPORT

OUR FOOTBALL FUTURE.

In local college athletic circles there seems to be a modest, but well-defined idea that St. Louis, in size, in the ability of her football players, and the enthusiasm and number of the game's devotees, is entitled to participate, with other Western college teams for the championship. On this account local lovers of the gridiron contests may hope to see next year, the great Western teams, such as Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa and others, pitted with local favorites in the battle for honors. If this city is ever to rise to prominence in this sport, next year is the time to make the first move. Aside from the advantage to be derived from the many lovers of the game, who will be here as visitors to the World's Fair there is a greater benefit, a lasting one, to be derived from the impetus that athletics will receive from the holding of the various professional and amateur championships here. In short, it would create a bad impression if St. Louis, with representatives in all the great athletic events at the Fair, has nothing in the football line to offer, but purely local inter-collegiate games. It is not beyond all our institutions to secure an eleven capable of facing, with credit, the strong terms of the Western Conference Colleges. Thus far the efforts of the local colleges have been directed to the end that teams merely capable of holding their own in the local games, might be organized. But with the knowledge that the stronger teams of the Western college circuit were to be met, should it not be within the power of St. Louis colleges to put forth a team capable of holding up the city's end in the great game. As stated above, next year or never is the time to make the attempt. No doubt the World's Fair will attract to our institutions a greater number of students from whom to select suitable teams, and once the football reputation of an educational institution is established, there is never a dearth of material with which to form its teams of athletes. Boys nowadays, when ready for college or university, choose the institution with the largest and most brilliant athletic halo, and, strange to say, they are the successful educational establishments of the country. Their athletic standard figures in all estimates. Missouri should have, at least, two teams in the Western Conference League, including one from St. Louis; and that these would be the best of our teams might easily be determined by a series of games, to be played preparatory to the opening of the regular season. The two teams having the best record at the end of the trial series should be elected to try for the honors in the Western championship race. This State and city should not be content with a back seat. Are the institutions of Wisconsin, Minnesota or Nebraska, better than ours? Are not the local football games supported equally as good, if not better, than in many places in the present Western College Circuit? The men in St. Louis and the institutions out in the State, who have the football

future of the community at heart, should get together and devise plans to place the city and State in their proper place. Let's show the Yosts and Staggs that they're not the "onlyest" in the football.



One afternoon during a lull in the bathing demands on a certain transatlantic liner, George, the youth who had charge of the five bath-rooms used by the saloon passengers, decided to take a bath, so he locked himself in one of the rooms used by the men. Suddenly he was disturbed by a rap at the door, and heard a woman's voice: "Honey, Honey! Are you there?" No reply coming from the room, the lady spoke again. "Honey, are you there?" As an explanation was needed, George spoke: "Beg your pardon, lady, but this ain't no beehive; this is a bath-room."



Miss Askew—"So your marriage is put off?" Miss Crummy—"Yes, papa is not at all satisfied with his position; mamma doesn't like his family connections; auntie thinks he is too careless in his dress, and I think—" Miss Askew—"Yes, what do you think?" Miss Crummy—"I think I ought to wait till he asks me."—*Town and Country.*



CUBA AS A WINTER RESORT.

Have you thought of it? Low round-trip tourist rates to Havana, via New Orleans. A visit to the two most interesting cities in the South. For illustrated literature, and full information, write J. H. Lothrop, General Agent, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

"The Kohinoor in California's crown."

MOUNT SHASTA

There is no more beautiful sight of its kind than Mount Shasta, covered with snow and glistening in the sun. Thousands have traveled across the continent to see it, and felt well repaid for their time. The way to reach it is by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

and their connections. Mount Shasta is only about four and a half days from New York or Boston, and every lover of this country should see it.

For details of rates and trains, see a ticket agent of the New York Central.

A copy of "America's Winter Resorts," will be sent free, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

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NINTH AND LOCUST
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SPOOL SILK
Is the Strongest and Smoothest Silk Made.
Corticelli and Brainerd & Armstrong
WASH SILKS
are Lustrous and Fast Colors. ✱ Demand these Brands.
Avoid imitations and their annoyances.

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BOOKS



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THOMAS B. MOSHER,
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A new catalogue choicely printed in red and black, done up in old style grey wrapper, uncut edges, mailed free on request to all book-lovers who apply for it.

Those who have never seen The Mosher Books can find the entire line at the Book Dept. of Stix, Baer and Fuller, who are the exclusive selling agents for St. Louis.

THOMAS B. MOSHER,
Portland, Maine.

BOOKS { All the late Cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at } **ROEDER'S BOOK STORE**
616 LOCUST STREET

NOW that everyone is busy with Christmas shopping we would call attention to the great variety of handsome articles suitable for presentation to be found in our well-selected stock. We mention some of them below, but the stock is so varied that it is impossible to quote prices so as to convey a satisfactory idea of the real bargains in good sundries which we are offering.

LIQUOR DEPARTMENT

Straight Whiskies, old Whiskies, popular brands, Fruit Brandies, Imported Cognac, Malt, Juniper Gins, Wines, Rums, Cordials, etc., at prices to you that dealers are paying.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS.

"Paul Jones" Pure Rye, reg. \$1.50; cut to .90c
Autocrat Rye, reg. \$1.50; cut to .1.23
Pretoria Rye, reg. \$1.50; cut to .1.23

SPECIAL! SPECIAL! SPECIAL!

"Guckenheimer" Pure Rye Whisky, reg. \$1.50 per quart; cut to .74c
(It represents the highest type of American distillation.)

Green River Whisky; reg. \$1.50; cut to .1.10
Cascade Whisky; reg. \$1.50; cut to .1.23
Canadian Club; reg. \$1.50; cut to .1.23
Wilson Rye, reg. \$1.50; cut to .1.23
Sherwood Rye; reg. \$1.50; cut to .1.23
Billy Lee's "Old Crow"; reg. \$1.75; cut to .1.23
Hunter Rye; reg. \$1.50; cut to .1.23

Jess Kramer; reg. \$1.50; cut to .98c
(Fine old Whisky)

Limestone Bourbon; reg. \$1.50; cut to .1.23
Crown Jewel; reg. \$1.50; cut to .1.23

OLD ORIGINAL Jas. E. Pepper Whisky; reg. \$1.75; cut to .1.23

W. H. McBrayer's Cedar Brook" (bottled in bond; reg. \$1.75; cut to .1.23

Let us take care of your Xmas orders and save you money. Deliveries to all parts of the city.

PATENT MEDICINES.

There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have looked at this stock that we carry the best and most varied line of these goods in town. Look over our quoted prices in this department, and then come here for your purchases.

Peruna, reg. \$1.0077c
Duffy's Malt Whiskey, reg. \$177c
Juando Malt Whiskey, reg. \$175c
Hostetter's Bitters, reg. \$177c
Gude's Pepto Mangan, reg. \$183c
Pinkham's Compound, reg. \$177c
Wine of Cardui, reg. \$177c
Pierce's Favorite Prescription, reg. \$1.0083c
Bull's Cough Syrup, reg. 25c20c
Bell's Pine Tar Honey, reg. 25c20c
Piso's Consumption Cure, reg. 25c20c
Bonimel, for Coughs (best in the world)25c
Quinets, cure a cold in one day15c
Hydrolin, reg. \$1.0083c
Scott's Emulsion, 42c and77c
Fellow's Syrup Hypophosphites, \$1.13
Syrup of Figs, reg. 60c37c
De Lacy's Cin-Ko-Na and Iron, reg. \$1.0083c
Sanury for the Kidneys, reg. \$183c
Munyon's Paw-Paw, reg. \$183c
Listerine, small, 19c; large65c
Carter's Little Liver Pills, 18c; 2 for35c
Ayer's Pills, 18c; 2 for35c
Simm's Little Liver Pills, 40 pills for10c
Tooth Brush Special; reg. 25c value this week9c
Cough Drops, all kinds, 3 pkgs for .10c

DELICON

Is a skin preserver. It whitens and softens harsh, rough skin, and almost instantly eases the stinging, burning sensation produced by rough weather and winds. Its occasional use will prevent chapping and produce a fair, soft skin. Delicon is not "sticky" or "gummy," and is in every way a delightfully satisfactory preparation to use.
Large bottle25c

STAFFORD, MILLER'S LATEST CREATIONS—VERY FINE.

Florida Water, regular 65c42c
Bulgarian Rose Toilet Water (Oriental), regular 50c35c
Century Bloom Face Powder, regular 50c35c

SPECIAL XMAS OFFERINGS.

Our stock consists of a specially selected one from the latest importations from France, Germany and England, together with those of the most prominent domestic lines. Every piece of the latest design.

TOILET SETS.

Comb, Brush and Mirror,
Sterling Silver Toilet sets,
Gents' Military Brush Sets,
Infants' Toilet Sets,
Manicure Sets,
Triplicate Mirrors,
Handsome Hand Mirrors,
Stand Mirrors.

STERLING SILVER MOUNTED GOODS.

Hair Brushes,
Cloth Brushes,
Hat Brushes,
Tooth Brushes,
Nail Brushes,
Mirrors,
Powder Boxes,
Manicure Salve Boxes,
Match Cases,
Cigarette Cases,
Manicure Necessities.

Fancy Decorated Porcelain and Bohemian Glass Powder and Puff Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Manicure Salve Boxes, Soap Boxes, Cut Glass Perfume Bottles, Cut Glass Vinaigrettes, Wicker-Covered Flasks, Leather-Covered Flasks, Perfume Atomizers—latest designs.

PERFUMES AND SACHETS.

Houbigaut's, Lubin,
Pinaud's, Guerlain,
Piver's, Palmer,
Le Grand's, Hudenut,
Roger & Gallet, Mellier,
Violet, Imperial Crown,
Soc. Hygienique, Colgate.

ANTI-KAMNIA TABLETS

For Sightseer's or Shopper's Headache. Will Stop Nervous Irritability. Per Dozen Tablets, 20c.
Original Ounce Package \$1.00.

TOILET SOAPS.

"4711" White Rose Glycerine Soap, regular 25c14c
Roger & Gallet Violet Soap, reg. 25c cake, cut to18c
"Glen Echo" Violet Soap (very fine), reg. 15c cake, cut to9c
Roger & Gallet "Savon Monstre," an excellent soap for the bath, reg. 25c cake, cut to18c
Soc. Hygienique Almond Soap, reg. 25c, cut to18c
Woodbury's Facial Soap, reg. 25c, cut to15c
Packer's Tar Soaps, regular 25c, cut to15c

LEATHER GOODS.

Carriage Bags, Pocketbooks,
Wrist Bags, Card Cases,
Netsukas, Letter Cases,
Auto Bags, Medicine Cases,
Chatelaines,

A BIG SOAP SNAP.

50 gross Witch Hazel, Glycerine and Honey Soap; made by the Manhattan Soap Co., New York; regular 10c goods; will be placed on sale this week at, per cake3c

THE SUPERIOR BATH CABINETS.

Are equipped with improved lamp and steamers; they are practical and as fine as any Cabinet you can buy; reg. price \$8—cut price this week—\$4.25

CELLULOID GOODS.

Hair Brushes,
Combs,
Powder and Puff Boxes,
Talcum Boxes,
Soap Boxes,
Infants' Combs and Brushes,
Infants' Toilet Sets.

FOR THE TEETH.

Sheffield's Dentifrice, 15c—2 for25c
Dentacura Tooth Paste, reg. 25c18c
Grave's Tooth Powder, reg. 25c15c
Calder's Tooth Powder, reg. 25c16c
Rubifoam, regular 25c16c
Arnica Tooth Soap, regular 25c15c

ONE POUND BOX STATIONERY.

Satin wove; 50 sheets paper, 50 envelopes; specially prepared for fine correspondence; regular price 50c box—this week cut to20c

"Cabinet of Tints," Box of extra fine bond stationery—three tints—100 sheets of paper, 100 envelopes—regular price 75c box—this week—cut to50c

A few special prices in our Rubber Goods Department this week:

The "Red Cross Hospital" Syringes (guaranteed for 1 year)—
2-quart, reg. \$1.75, cut to\$1.25
3-quart, reg. \$2.00, cut to\$1.35
"Hodgeman's" Cloth-Lined Water Bottles (guaranteed for 1 year)—
2-quart (full measure), reg. \$1.65, cut to\$1.30
3-quart (full measure), reg. \$1.85, cut to\$1.58

Lady in attendance at all times.

CIGAR DEPARTMENT.

Our holiday stock now complete. We have the largest and best variety in the city. Economical buyers will find just what they want at our counters, where the quality's the best and price the lowest. Ladies will find it convenient to make their purchases here. Below are a few prices:
10c Chancellor, box 50\$3.50
2-for-25c La Belle Creole, box of 25\$1.50
10c La Preferencia, box 50\$3.10
All popular brands and high-grade Havana Cigars at cut prices. Watch our window.

The JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO.

515 OLIVE STREET

DRAMATIC

CONSTANCE CRAWLEY.

The celebration of Constance Crawley, the actress who embodies *Everyman* in Mr. Ben Greet's production of the mediæval morality play of that name, was inevitable. Though the names of the players are consistently omitted from the bill of the play, anonymity, against an achievement so extraordinary as that of Mrs. Crawley, is of no avail. The public, its interest being awakened, becomes curious, and the newspapers—aided by the *naïvete* of the press agent—do the rest.

The rôle of *Everyman* is one that quickly takes the artistic measurement of a player. Except for a few introductory bars, the part is pitched in a tragic key of ever increasing penetration and intensity, with no respite or even momentary lapse into a lighter tone, its cumulative incidents each assuming a deeper significance, each demanding a more poignant pitch of expression, until, by its awful intensity, it plumbs the blackest abyss of tragedy. To adequately meet the ever increasing demands made upon her art by this rôle, the actress who interprets it must, of necessity, be a tragedienne of great power—a *rara avis* nowadays—and such, as evidenced by her impressive portrayal of *Everyman*, is Constance Crawley.

Advantaged though she be, by peculiar personal attributes in the way of a glorious voice of wonderful width of range, capable of the subtlest emotional expression, and a seemly aspect which readily assumes the image of mediæval asceticism, the mimetic skill of this English actress is still the dominant factor in the creation of illusion. Her reading is a triumph of elocutionary art in that it seems the spontaneous expression of a soul under the stress of emotion, and the felicity of pose and gesture, add to the verity of the portrayal. Truly an impersonation of rare beauty and vital appeal, and a fine example of the highest form of histrionism.

Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," in Augustus Thomas's stage version, of which Robert Edson is starring for a second season, and which is on view at the Century Theater this week, proves rather an exception to the ruling fate that has overtaken the book plays of the last three years. Robert Clay, the strenuous hero portrayed by Mr. Edson, has some of the strenuousness taken out of him by the multitude of strenuous men we meet in everyday life now. The story is so well told in the stage version that interest never lags in its unfolding. As the central figure of a large company, Mr. Edson is an ideal actor, whose shining light however, does not dim the fine achievement of Harry Harwood as *MacWilliams*, the sturdy Scotchman. Dorothy Tennant and Ellen Burg are two sweetly feminine morsels, who relieve the strenuousness of Robert Clay and his surroundings. Next week the Century will have another popular "repeat" in "The Burgomaster." Ruth White, Oscar Figman and the original cast will present the musical comedy.

"Busy Izzy," a farce comedy into which George Sidney has injected big gobs of original fun, with some of the drippings from Ward and Vokes's humor, is doing a rushing business at the Grand Opera House this week. Sidney has a host of friends in St. Louis, and they have been feting him with box parties all week. He is on the stage continuously from the rise to the drop of the curtain, but even at that his audiences cannot get enough of him. His wit is spontaneous and delivered with inimitable drollery. One of the big hits of the show is the burlesque rendition of "Hiawatha," in which the entire company takes part. By the way, this company contains some unusually clever support for "Busy Izzy," especially in Fred Wyckoff, Edward Clark and Maud Campbell. Eugenia Blair in "Zaza," will be the next attraction at the Grand Opera House. Fancy "Zaza," which, only a year ago, played to never-ending business at Belasco's Theater in New York at top prices, to be seen at a popular price house with so good a star as Miss Blair, a fine cast, and stage accessories that will not be behind those that characterized Mrs. Leslie Carter's presentation!

To-night at the German Theater of the Odeon, will be presented Lessing's classic comedy, "Minna von Barnheim," with an all-star cast. This comedy, which was recognized as a literary gem soon after its publication in 1767, and has remained to this day a classic model, is seldom given in theaters nowadays, save for the clamoring of those who delight in the purity of its language and the beauty of its diction. A year ago

students of the German language desired a performance of "Minna," but were disappointed. This year the German Stock Company is so constructed in its personnel that it can give the play with nothing but principals in the cast. For this reason the presentation will be a noteworthy event, from the standpoint of the management, and an interesting one from the side of the audience, which on that night, Student's night, will embrace many classes from public and private schools, the Washington University, study clubs and in-

HOLIDAY GIFTS!

Do not overlook us when shopping for Christmas presents. We claim the largest selection

In Furniture

Suitable for any part of the home from parlor to den. We have some specials in

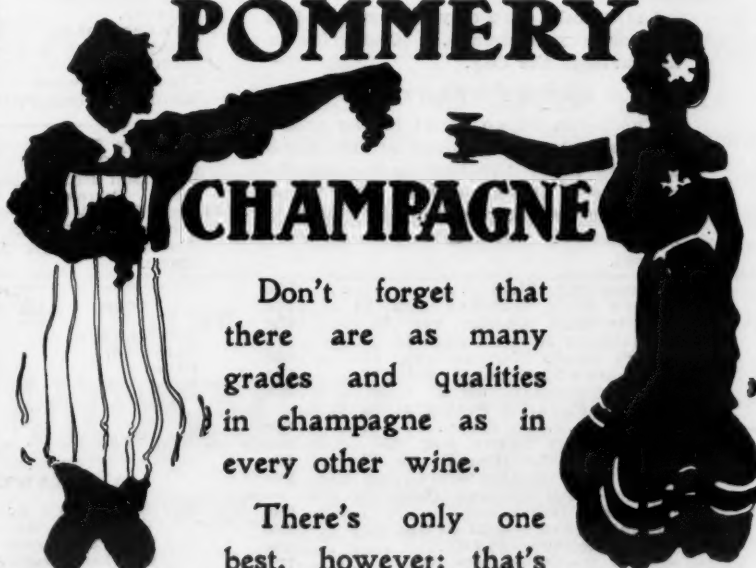
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For the holiday season. Splendid values.

We Show the Cheapest as well as the Finest. Everything Marked in Plain Figures.

Georgia-Stimson Furniture and Carpet Company,

616-618 Washington Avenue.



Don't forget that there are as many grades and qualities in champagne as in every other wine.

There's only one best, however; that's

POMMERY

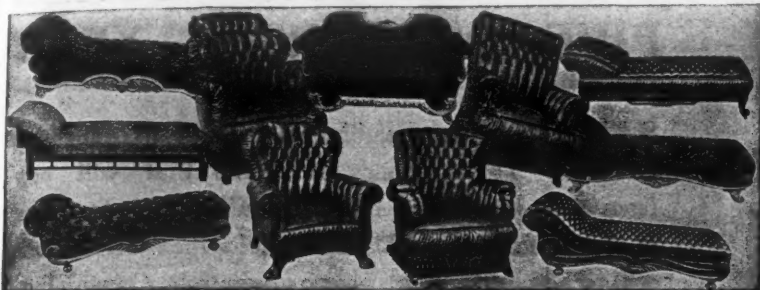
CHARLES GRAEF & CO. { Sole Agents for United States, 32 Beaver Street, New York.

CARMODY'S,
213 N. Eighth St.
FINEST LIQUORS
THAT'S ALL.

dividual lovers of the German tongue. Next Sunday night, "Deborah," an immensely popular folk-play, will be given.

C. B. Jefferson's mammoth produc-

What Shall the Christmas Gift Be?



Let the Christmas Gift be? Something useful as well as beautiful; something that all the members of the household may enjoy. What more appropriate, what more acceptable, than good, stylish, well-made furniture? It lasts for a century, and, passing from generation to generation, becomes an heirloom, priceless in value because of associations which surround it.

HERE IS A Choosing LIST —BUT— We have everything else that is best in Furniture

Empire Easy Chairs... \$45.00	Fine Curio Tables... \$55.00
Library Tables 8.00	Bric-a-Brac Cabinets.. 20.00
Cut Glass Cabinets... 15.00	Fan Cabinets—new idea.. 20.00
Gentlemen's Dressers.. 30.00	Colonial Mirrors..... 20.00
Music Cabinets..... 10.00	Decorated Parlor Chairs 10.00
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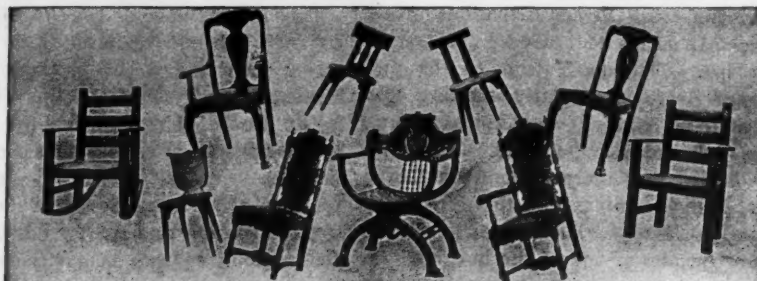
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tion of "Shadows of a Great City," is just the entertainment that suits the clientele of the Imperial Theater. Not only is the action full of thrills and quivers, but even the scenery calls for that chilly feeling that runs down one's spine when the aquatic features are produced. In the third act especially has the scenic master full sway, and he produces the most realistic effects. Annie Ward Tiffany, Edward B. Tilton, and Russell Bassett are the leading persons in the play, whose adventures make one's hair stand on end. For the first time at Imperial Theater prices, "The Christian," Hall Caine's masterpiece, will be offered to Manager Russell's patrons next week, beginning with Sunday's matinee.

The entertainment which Signor Enrico Campobello is preparing for Monday evening, December 21, at the Odeon, under the auspices of the Burns Cottage Association, has already risen to the dignity of a musical festival. The roster of artists engaged by Mr. Campobello is great and at least twice as many names will be added to the list before the entire programme can be made up and arranged. Among those who will lend assistance to this worthy object are the Burns Cottage Highland Band in Highland costumes; Miss Leonie Bergere soprano, by courtesy of the management of the German Theater; Miss Whittier, soprano; Miss Josephine Carradine, pianiste; Miss Mary A. B. Riehs, elocutionist and reader; Miss Edna Bernardine Fassett, soprano; Mr. William M. Porteus, basso; Mr. Edwin Arbuckle, baritone; Mr. Campobello, baritone brillante, and Professors Paul Mori and E. V. McIntyre. This festival is given in the interest of the Burns Cottage Association who are now raising a fund to bring to the St. Louis World's Fair Burns' cottage at Alloway, and a reproduction of the old palace at Stirling.

Manchester's "Crackerjacks" are doing big business at the Standard Theater this week. The two Jacksons, bag-punchers, boxers and slack wire men, are carrying off the honors of the show. Quite a number of sprightly people are introduced in the olio, special comment being due to Held and Trimble and Howard and North. The burlesque, "Our Georgia Rose," with which the performance closes, is of the typical Standard character, carmine red with fun and frolic. Next week, "Vanity Fair," will pay its annual visit to this house.

"The Burgomaster," Pixley and Luder's musical comedy success, will be the attraction at the Century next week. The piece comes this year with the record of having had a good run in Chicago, where it was originally produced.

In the company this season are many of the famous original cast. Oscar L. Figman is playing the role of the Burg-

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omaster. Ruth White is the Willie Van Astorbilt. Others in the large organization are: Thomas Ricketts, William Riley Hatch, R. J. Moye, Grace Gibson, Harriett Sheldon, Louise Brackett and Josephine Ditt.

THE STOCK MARKET

The general tendency in prices has been upward latterly. Under skillful and, in some instances, amazingly bold manipulation, the market advanced with such ease as to convey the impression among the unsophisticated and inexperienced that it was investment buying of the best order which was manifesting itself again after many weary, trying months of scares, scandals and skirmishes. The clever manipulators took especial pains to lift the prices for some of the better class of railroad shares, and, also, to spread abroad various enticing stories of one sort or other, some of which were so grotesquely preposterous that they could deceive no one but him endowed with no more ordinary intelligence than the law allows as a minimum in civilized communities.

The fact cannot be disguised, however, that the market behaved in a more encouraging manner in the past week than it did at any time since the early part of 1903. It seemed at times as if the manipulators were using Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Sugar, United States Steel preferred and Pennsylvania as their principal means to influence the rest of the list. The movements of the first named were particularly striking and excited no end of wonderment among the rank and file of traders. It cannot be denied that there is something of a real bullish sentiment on this low-priced traction issue. There are operators who consider it one of the best speculative purchases on the list, and who are buying it on every little relapse in value. While the stock pays no dividend and does not promise to pay any in the next year or two, yet the fact remains that it contains great possibilities, that it practically has a monopoly of street railway traffic in Brooklyn, and that it is bound eventually to be completely absorbed by the combine operating on the other side of East River. The writer has been bearish in time past on Brooklyn R. T.; in fact, he was urgently recommending sales of it when other speculative critics regarded it as one of the "sure things," and he did so because of the absurdly high prices at which it used to sell for such a long time, and likewise because of considerations connected with the general condition of the Wall street market. At the present time, however, he would advise those who do not mind taking more or less of a risk to "take on" moderate lots of B. R. T. on all declines and to cling to them. Of course, margins must be ample and carefully looked to. Vigilant attention must also be paid to the changing speculative influences and the movements in the rest of the list. It is by no means certain

that B. R. T. will not drop back again to a lower level.

The advance in United States Steel preferred appeared to be due chiefly to covering operations, in other words, to technical causes. After such a severe break as that which recently took place, a good-sized rally was in order. It would not be surprising to see the stock appreciate still further. There is said to be quite a number of people who earnestly believe that it is a safe and attractive investment at current quotations, and that the company will never find itself constrained to reduce the rate of dividend. It is to be hoped that this sort of naive optimism will not be severely jarred in the next six months. The far-sighted investor, no matter what inducements may be held out or "hot air" stories published in subsidized papers, will prefer to let both classes of United States Steel shares alone for a little while. If the preferred were such a good thing as some would have us believe it is, it would surely not sell at anything like prevailing quotations.

Rumors are afloat for the 'teenth time that the Gould-Rockefeller and Pennsylvania interests have promised to be good to each other hereafter. One Wall street yarn has it that control of the Pennsylvania system has been secured by the Rockefellers, and that the Goulds are to experience no further serious difficulties or opposition in the completion of their plans to reach tide-water. This much-talked-of and rather mystifying feud among railway magnates has been of long standing and rendered excellent service in bear operations since November, 1902. It would be extremely foolish, however, to consider it as the main generating cause of the speculative *débâcle*. The collapse would have come on schedule time, even if there never had been any Gould-Rockefeller-Cassatt dissensions. Those who faithfully cling to the tenuous theory that an adjustment of all pending differences will be followed immediately by the precipitate inauguration of a roaring bull movement in the entire market, should be very circumspect in suiting action to belief. If prices should rise further within the near future, it will be, in the main, for entirely different and certainly more logical reasons.

Gold importations continue, though on a somewhat smaller scale. Foreign exchange experts declare themselves utterly at sea regarding the causes and meaning of the present movement of funds. Not for a long time have the currents in the monetary world been so diametrically opposed one to the other as they are at this writing. While London is shipping gold to New York, American bankers are borrowing in Eu-

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ropean centers and investing heavily in sterling exchange. At the same time, money is flowing from New York and Yokohama to San Francisco. According to British advices, New York banking houses are anxiously endeavoring to place large blocks of short-time bonds in London, and meeting with some degree of success. What is to be the final outcome of all this? Among exchange experts the belief is still strong that most interesting developments may be looked for between now and March 1st. In view of this, it would appear that the favorable effects of the present importation of gold may easily be overestimated.

Last Saturday's bank statement was less favorable than expected. The increase in loans, the first one for six or seven weeks, though very moderate, caused considerable surprise, and tended still further to bewilder observers of the trend of financial affairs. Taken all in all, the position of the Associated Banks is not a strong one; on the contrary, it is distinctly weak and almost prohibitive of active bullish speculation for months to come.

Railroad earnings continue remarkably large in many instances. The Union Pacific, Lehigh, Atchison and Reading rolled up some impressive net gains in their last monthly statements. On the other hand, the Pennsylvania and Erie returns were a serious disappointment. They slightly reflected, particularly in the first instance, the trade reaction now in progress. The monthly earnings will be important factors from now on. Judging by present indications, and in the absence of a sudden and altogether improbable revival in merchandise movement, the revenues of transportation companies should soon begin to exhibit a declining tendency.

The resumption of wild speculation in the cotton market is not liked by conservative traders, inasmuch as it works towards a derangement of trade conditions and a further restriction in cotton exports from this country. The Government's estimate of the crop is generally believed to have been misleading. However, it has given fresh impetus to "cornering" operations, and enabled a few millionaire gamblers materially to add to their pile of pelf. It could be noted that the outburst of fresh furore in cotton had a prompt, adverse influence on quotations in the stock market.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Locally, things continue at a standstill. Prices have changed very little; in some cases not at all. Traders are utterly apathetic because thoroughly nonplussed regarding true tendencies. In a few issues evidence of unostentatious liquidation can still be detected. What purchasing power there is does not suffice to make any impression of consequence. Large holders, knowing this, keep out of the field. They believe matters will be on the mend after New Year.

Street railway issues showed some life in the last few days, but at the expense of values. United Railways preferred came out in 50 and 25 share lots, selling down, at one time, to 60; the last sale

was made at 60 $\frac{1}{4}$. St. Louis Transit has slid down to 13 $\frac{3}{8}$ bid. There was, occasionally, some urgent selling. The 4 per cent bonds are weaker; they are now being offered at 78 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Granite-Bimetallic has reacted to 40. It seems to be again without support worth mentioning. Central Coal and Coke common firmed up slightly; it is offered at 59, and 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ is bid for it. For the preferred 70 is bid. Simmons Hardware 1st preferred is offered at 125; the 2d preferred at 120. For National Candy common 17 is bid.

Missouri-Edison 5s are selling at 96 $\frac{1}{2}$; St. Louis Brewing 6s at 93 $\frac{1}{4}$. For Lindell Ry. 5s 103 $\frac{1}{4}$ is bid. For Laclede Gas 5s 104.

St. Louis bank clearances continue to show gains. Money is in good demand. New York exchange is firmer. Sterling is quoted at 4.83 $\frac{3}{4}$.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

E. S. A., Elgin, Ill.—Wouldn't advise buying Locomotive common. Consider sharp rally in preferred doubtful. If it should come, take prompt advantage of it.

P. L. T., Carthage, Mo.—Would hold Missouri Pacific for a while. Think it will rally to your point. Keep out of Pacific Mail. Wabash debentures highly speculative. Rise based on consolidation rumors.

W. A. K.—Would sell B. & O. at price named. You might hold Atchison common for a further bulge. Be on your guard, however. Consider Rock Island 5s fair speculation.

J. F., Waco, Tex.—Rock Island common should have a rally. Don't hold on too long, however. Wouldn't invest in Metropolitan Securities. Hold Union Pacific common.

X. X. X.—Sell your Smelting common. Bank stock too high. Chicago street railway bonds not attractive.

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A slight difference: *Nora*—Oi towld thot instalment mon thot he hadn't call so often. *Mistress*—Did he take the hint? *Nora*—No, mum; he took th' pionny.—*Philadelphia Record*.



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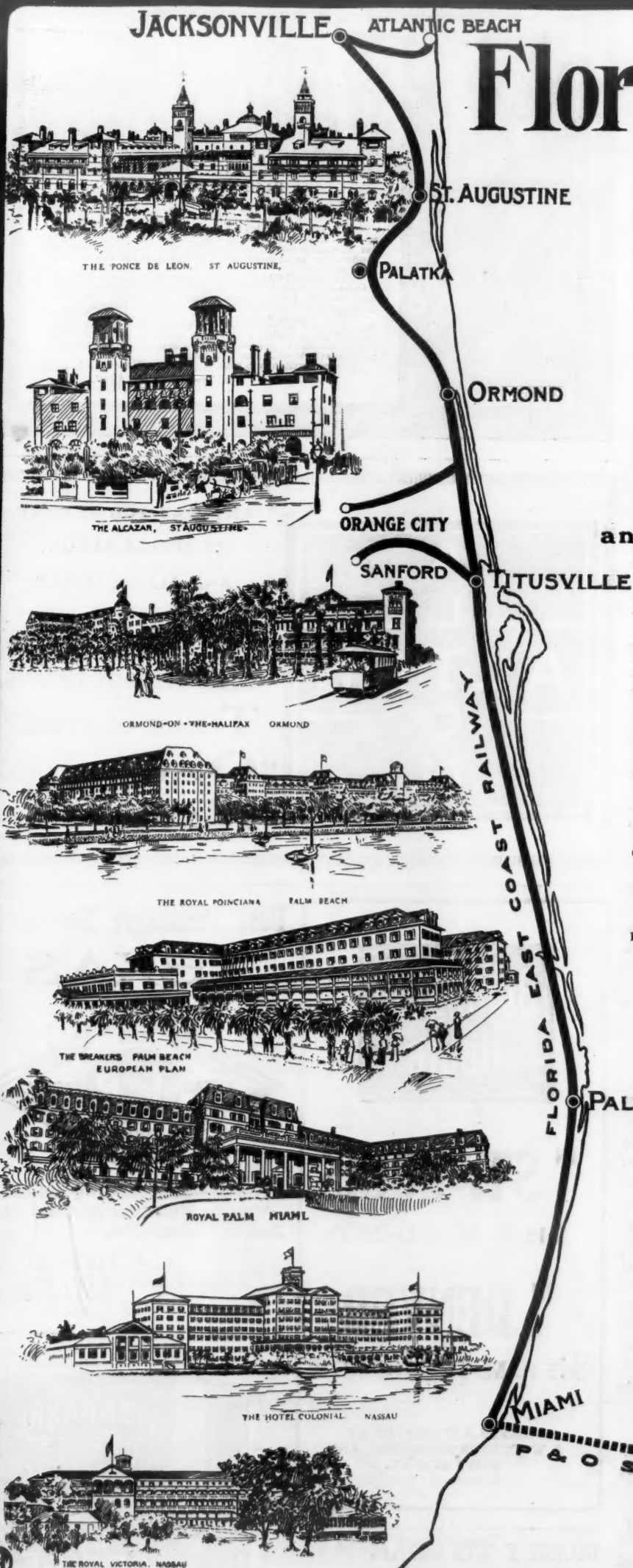
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ORMOND-ON-THE - HALIFAX. Under the management of Messrs. Anderson & Price. Opens Monday, January 11, 1904. Closes Monday, April 11, 1904.

ROYAL POINCIANA

PALM BEACH-ON-LAKE-WORTH. Under the management of Mr. Fred Sterry. Opens Thursday, December 17, 1903. Closes Saturday, April 9, 1904. After February 1 will be operated on both American and European plans.

THE BREAKERS.

PALM - BEACH - BY-THE-SEA. Under the management of Mr. Fred Sterry. Opens Monday, February 1, 1904. Closes Saturday, April 2, 1904.

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THE COLONIAL

NASSAU, N. P. (Bahama Islands) Under the management of Mr. H. E. Bemis. Opens Thursday, December 24, 1903. Closes Saturday, April 2, 1904.

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